

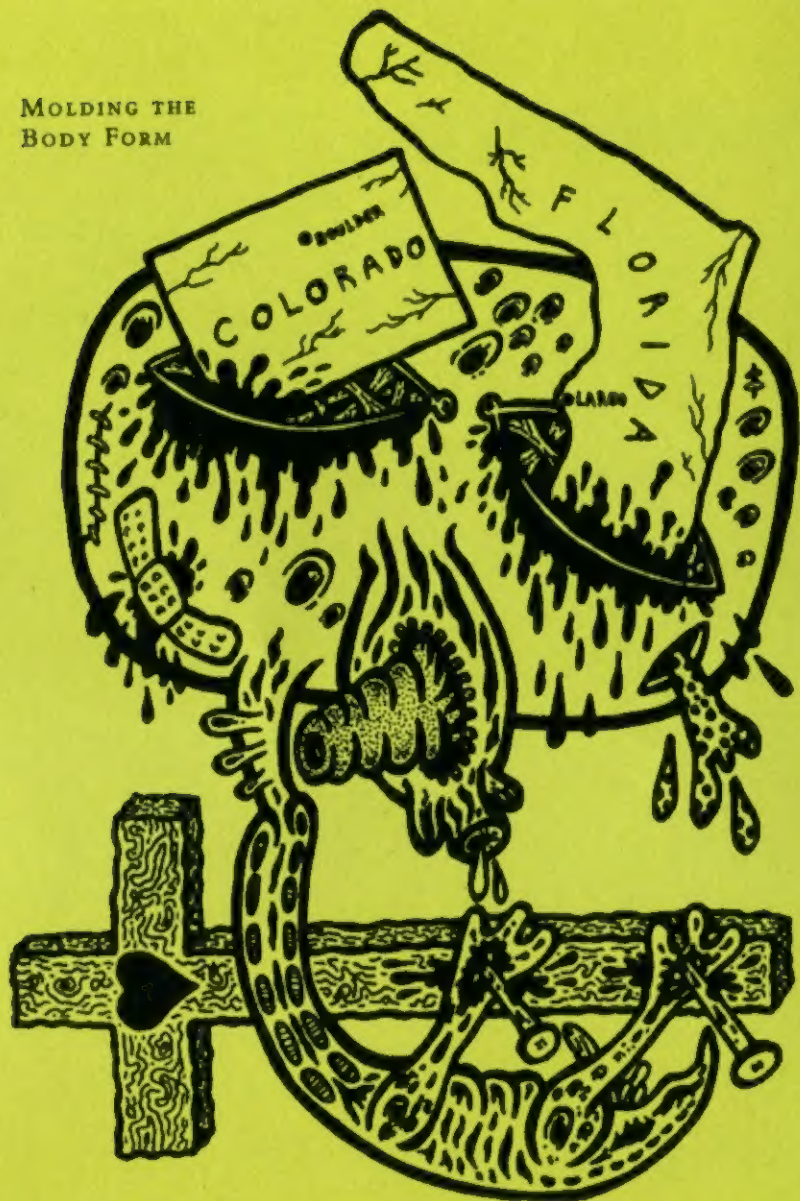


BLOOD ANGEL

#7



MOLDING THE
BODY FORM



BY
Mike Diana
for
Sweet-E
Julee Peezlee
1991



Here it fuckin is after a long wait: THE BOILED BIBLE OF BLASPHEMY AND FILTH has returned! Took me a long time to get this #7 out due to me losing my goddamn job last October, and it cost over \$600 to get this issue out. I had to rely on donations from my readers & whatever other bits of cash I could get together to print it up. I think all of you Sick Fucks will find it was worth the long wait. Got lots of cool shit in this issue! 'Expecting Dinner' is a story by Gerfald J. Schaefer who's in a Florida prison. He's also known as the 'Sex Beast'. Read the story & if you want more of his stuff then see the ad after the story & order his work from Media Queen. Also, notice adds for other 'zines in this issue--all of them are fuckin great so order the stuff!

In order for me to do a BOILED ANGEL #8 I need money so send a cash donation if you can spare it or help me out by buying one of my videos. 'Baked Baby Jesus' is 2 hours long on VHS & has lots of filth in it--a tour of a baby burial ground, parking lot fight, guys kissing dead girls, a dog eating dog food outta Baby Christ, etc. Only \$12 in the U.S.A. Overseas, add \$3.00. Send me a check, M.O. or cash & I'll get you a copy right away! MAIL TO: MIKE DIANA, P.O. BOX 5254, LARGO, FL 34649-5254.

I give special thanks this issue to Gomez Robespierre & OTHERS for their cash donations to help print this issue, and of course, to all the people that sent submissions to make this Satanic Filth possible! All the people below have submissions in this issue, so write to them & let 'em know what you think of →

➔ *their work! So-get my video & send for other stuff
for sale on these pages. KILL, FUCK & EAT!!!*

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New York, NY 10012

BABY FUCKED DOG FOOD!



YOU DIDN'T THINK I
ADOPTED YOU OUTTA
LOVE DID YOU? HOW COULD
I EVEN THINK OF LOVE-
ING A FUCKIN MISFIT
ORPHN LIKE YOU? DA
ONLY THING IM GON-
NA LOVE IS FUCKIN
YER HOT LITTLE ASS!



THIS IS YOUR ROOM
YOU WILL SLEEP
HERE! NOW GET
UNDRESSED &
BEND OVER!



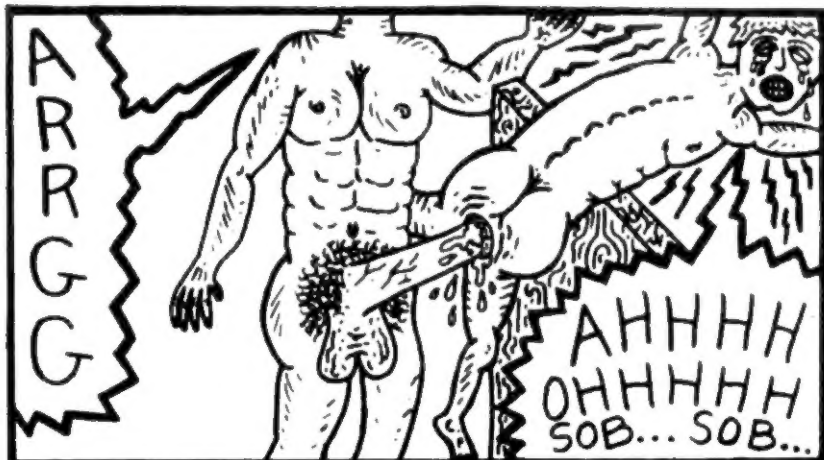
PLEASE
DON'T!

SHUT-UP
DUMB FUCK



ARRGG

AHHHH
OHHHHH
SOB... SOB...



NEXT MORNIN SCOTT
WOKE WITH A SORE
ASSHOLE! HE WAS
FORCED TO EAT DOG
FOOD FOR BREAKFAST.



THIS IS MY
DOG FOOD FAC-
TORY! WATCH
& LEARN!



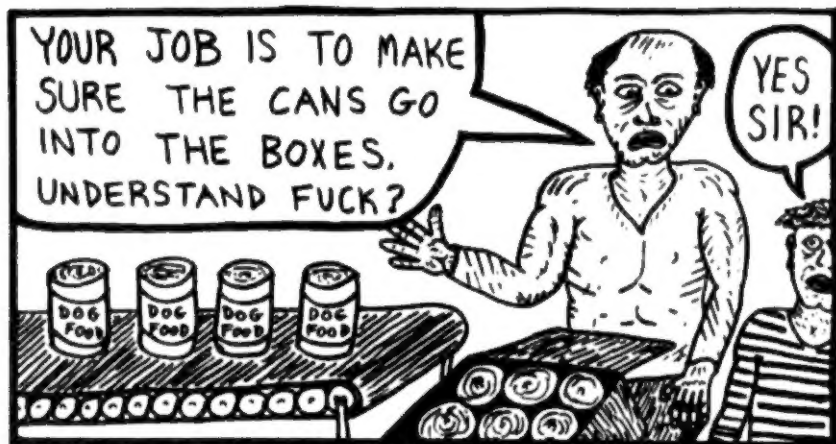
FIRST, I TAKE ONE OF THESE
INFANTS THE WHORES DOWN
TOWN SOLD TO ME!!



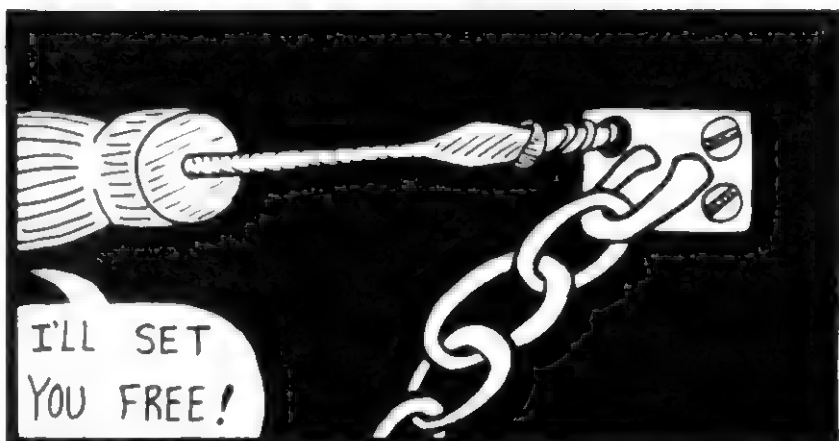
THEN I FUCK
IT INSIDE - OUT!











WHAT DA FUCK? PUT THAT CHAIN BACK ON THAT DOG!!!!





MY LIFE AT THIS TIME
by James Scianna

I LIVE IN A TWO BEDROOM APARTMENT IN DOWNTOWN SAN JOSE. I HAVE A ROOM IN THIS APARTMENT OF MY OWN. EVERY MONTH SOCIAL SECURITY AND A PROGRAM CALLED SSI SENDS ME MONEY. I USE THIS TO PAY MY BILLS AND BUY THINGS. BY THE END OF EACH MONTH, I USUALLY HAVE VERY LITTLE OR NOTHING LEFT. I DO NOT KEEP REGULAR HOURS, BUT MORE OFTEN THAN NOT I AM UP DURING THE NIGHT AND SLEEP DURING THE DAY. I SPEND MY TIME BY LISTENING TO MUSIC, WATCHING VIDEOS, TALKING ON THE PHONE. SOMETIMES I WRITE POETRY, I'VE WRITTEN A COUPLE OF SHORT STORIES. SOMETIMES I'LL WRITE A LETTER OR TWO, BUT NOT USUALLY. SOMETIMES I RUN ERRANDS LIKE GETTING GROCERIES AT THE STORE, BUT WHEN I GET A LARGE AMOUNT I HAVE TO GET SOMEONE TO TAKE ME.

THE APARTMENT I LIVE IN IS DIRTY. THERE ARE DIRTY DISHES AROUND THE KITCHEN. THE LIVING ROOM IS CLUTTERED WITH STUFF. MY ROOM IS ALSO CLUTTERED. MOST OF THE TIME IT'S HARD TO WALK AROUND SO I JUST STAY IN BED.

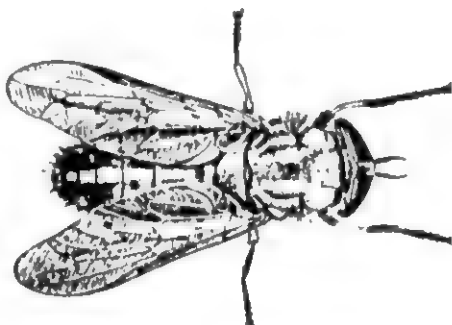
I DON'T REALLY DO ANYTHING.

I HATE MY ROOMMATE. I HEAR HIM NOW IN THE KITCHEN ON THE PHONE TO HIS SISTER. I FANTASIZE ABOUT GRABBING HIM BY HIS ANKLES AND DASHING HIS BRAINS OUT AGAINST A HARD CEMENT SURFACE. OTHER TIMES, I FANTASIZE ABOUT PUTTING ON BIG BLACK ARMY BOOTS AND KICKING AND STOMPING HIM TO DEATH. HE'S MOVING OUT IN A COUPLE OF WEEKS. HE DIDN'T TELL ME WHY. I DIDN'T ASK.

I'VE BEEN HAVING A LOT OF HEADACHES, LATELY. I WAKE UP AT NIGHT A LOT AND THE MOONLIGHT AND STREETLIGHTS COME THROUGH THE WINDOW OF MY BEDROOM AND HURT MY EYES.

MY ROOMMATE IS IN THE KITCHEN TALKING. I CAN'T TELL IF HE'S TALKING ON THE PHONE OR TO HIMSELF. HE'S TALKING IN A WEIRD VOICE, SAYING SOMETHING ABOUT HIS SPIRIT AND SOUL. I JUST CLOSED THE DOOR SO I CAN'T HEAR HIM AS WELL, BUT I CAN STILL HEAR HIM.

I THINK THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO SAY ABOUT THE STATE OF MY LIFE AT THIS TIME.





Spermatogenesis

Where Does The Chancre Come From?

In the male gonad four daughter cells issue from the two divisions of meiosis.

SELF-ANALYSIS

by James Scianna

Once upon a time there was a boy named Johnny. Johnny woke up one evening just as the sun was going down, in the twilight darkness of his room and the dirty sheets of his bed. He rubbed the sleepy cobwebs from his eyes and shook the dreamy voices and nighttime pictures from his head and yawned. He glanced at the grayness outside his windows and for a second or two wondered what time of day it was, dusk or dawn. Johnny pulled himself from the musty confines of his bedroom and staggered down the hall. Now, most young boys would think about going to the toilet after they get up, but Johnny wasn't interested.

There had been a power outage while Johnny was sleeping and all the electric clocks stupidly insisted that it was the midnight hour over and over again in blood red flashes of electronic rhythm that seemed to somehow sync up with the throbbing in Johnny's head.

Johnny went to the icebox for his breakfast, a cold can of Jolt cola to wake himself up and a plastic preservative bear claw which he sat munching on as he thumbed the little note on the dining room table:

WE'VE GONE TO THE WEEKLY AMNESTY
INTERNATIONAL MEETING, MAKE YOURSELF
SOMETHING TO EAT

LOVE,
MOM AND DAD

PS. WE'LL BE BACK AT 8:30

In the living room, Johnny flipped through the dogeared copy of TV guide with the bright yellow cover with a picture of Bart Simpson on the cover who had an expression on his face like someone had shoved something distracting into one of his cartoon orifices exclaiming, "Don't have a cow, man!". The words and smiling faces swarmed before Johnny's eyes making him a little dizzy before he wondered if the magazine was even current and if it really mattered anyway.

Johnny flipped on the television to MTV nestling into the rough fabric of the living room couch as he reclined on it in his underwear. The couch hide pleasantly irritated his bare skin, which tingled in mute protest. Rather like getting physically intimate with a foreign object. What a weird notion, Johnny thought to itself. Of course it's foreign, probably made in Japan like the TV which silently sported cavorting musclebound rockstars in stonewashed jeans and long styled, blown dried hair which whirled around with seemingly lethal ferocity; images of which passed by so quickly they barely had time to register on his groggy head.

Johnny liked to watch this channel with the sound off. One less thing for his overloaded senses to deal with. Left a little bit to the imagination too, trying to imagine what

it sounded like, what everybody was so worked up about. Kind of a funny image really, people's faces all contorted screaming and jumping about with such enthusiasm and no sound coming out. Yeah, moving pictures, moving art. The silence was enjoyable, at least on the outside. The silence inside his head was a little harder to shut up than by turning a dial, but he had learned to live with it for the most part. Most people probably haven't which might be why they like loud music so much.

As if in response to his thoughts, the next video was ENJOY THE SILENCE by Depeche Mode. No sound. Yeah, this is how it should be seen. They should have released that disc with nothing on it. The ultimate concept album.

The images flickered on the tube, reflecting themselves in the shiny surfaces of Johnny's eyes as he absently picked at a healing scab on his shoulder, his chewed fingernails caking with dried blood as Kurt Loder tried to tell him the latest news about the Rolling Stones tour. Johnny's fingers dug deeper into the now freshened wound, squeezing and probing the crimson wetness. A long trail of blood ran down from his shoulder to his wrist. Another followed slowly behind it.

Johnny watched 2 LIVE CREW mug for the camera with alternated shots of colorized newsreel footage of civil rights struggles from three decades ago. Somewhere else in space and time, Johnny took squishy fingerfuls of his shoulder and placed them on the arm of the couch. Something burst inside and the blood began to flow freely now.

Johnny's fingertips hit something hard and unyielding deep within his arm then, as with a life of their own, found a flap of skin and pulled it down like a zipper. Johnny looked at the mess he was making, thinking, 'what's wrong with this picture? How do they do that?' as his hand methodically removed the remaining skin of his arm with surprising ease. He looked back at the TV screen to see Madonna peeling off arm length gloves as her smoldering, painted lips silently intoned the joys of being a Material Girl.

Johnny opened the kitchen drawer of the kitchen with a sharp rattle, picking up the large butcher knife that the neon glow of the overhead light and sliced himself deep from the top of his throat to the bottom of his stomach, and peeled the skin away in gory sheaths, like taking off a vest, then cutting around the circumference of his waist and stepping out of his underwear and the skin underneath of them with one fluid motion like a pair of tights.

'A nasty looking thing, this' thought Johnny as he examined another knife, a foot long blade with a serrated edge like the teeth of a shark sticking out of the thick stainless steel and not one but two tips, one shorter than the other, curved and lethal-looking, like some sort of tool they would use in the circumcision rituals in darkest Africa that you'd see on National Geographic at 10:00pm on channel 9 Tuesday nights. Johnny stuck it as deep as it would go, two inches below his navel as the unscent urine

from his perforated bladder cascaded down onto the bloodslicked linoleum of the kitchen floor as if from a punctured water balloon.

Johnny pulled the knife savagely upward with a resounding rip which echoed in the stillness of the kitchen like a small neighborhood telephone book being calmly but firmly ripped in half as gleaming, steaming white coils of intestines hung from his stomach and fell around his feet in a wet, stinking heap, draping his legs like glistening ornaments.

Johnny reached into himself and plucked out grayish sac which bore a nasty looking slash along it's rubbery length and placed it on the stove ripping it open with his hands and recognizing the chewed up remains of a bear claw swimming in a viscous mixture of half digested JOLT cola and stomach acid.

His searching hands grasped a large yellow smooth organ with folds in it and Johnny placed it on the counter next to the food processor.

Further back in the quickly emptying body cavity, he found two twin organs looking very much like oversized versions of the kidney beans he would put on his salad when his parents took him out to eat at the Sizzler Salad Bar. He put them on a TV tray next to the refrigerator.

With some hemming and hawing he was finally able to pluck forth a cherry red organ deep in the middle of his chest which squirmed with a life of it's own. Johnny put it into the freezer on top of the half-filled ice cube trays.

When Johnny's parents came home they were very upset with their son. Johnny's father tried to contain his anger as he lectured Johnny on not exercising any common sense in taking himself apart like that, his mother was worried sick that the couch wouldn't be able to be cleaned and would probably have to be re-upholstered, most likely. As it

turned out, it did, and the kitchen had to be re-painted and the tile had to be regROUTed, too.

"What are we going to do with that boy?" moaned his mother dejectedly as his father stared sadly at the blood-drenched floor and shook his head slowly.

In time, his parents thought it was for the best, since they had been meaning to redecorate the eating area in a peach color motif anyway. But that night they sent Johnny to his room without supper, (which didn't bother him because he didn't have a stomach to worry about filling any more) and grounded him for a month (which didn't bother him either, because Johnny couldn't even remember the last time he had the desire or cause to go outside anyway).

And Johnny sat in the twilight of his room typing out bizarre poems and short stories that somehow weren't as funny as he'd hoped, covering the typewriter keys with dried



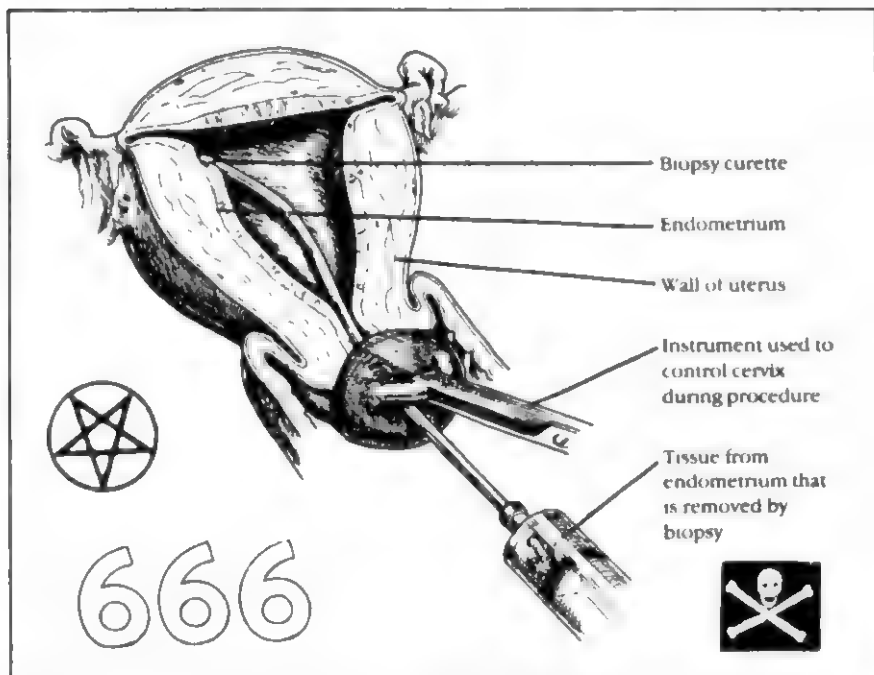
blood, irritating his parents all hours of the night with the monotonous tapping of the sticky keys as they tried to watch The Cosby Show and the Evening News with Dan Rather. And soon his unseen efforts grew silent in the stillness of the house as the long dark hours dragged away the light of the bright day and his parents forgot all about him. And everybody lived, and died, miserably ever after.

Now, isn't that a nice story?

And, fuck you too.



FIG. 3. (a) Virgin, unruptured hymen (b) The anal orifice, wide open.



With an endometrial biopsy, tissue can be removed easily and often painlessly from the endometrium to determine if it is normal.

baby sue comix

My, my, my! Baby Sue really looks like a CELEBRITY tonight!

Those damn BLACK LIGHTS are giving me a headache.

Tell us, dear. Has being famous changed you at all?

No. I have always been DEFORMED and will always be DEFORMED.

Do you think all the recognition you've been receiving has gone to your head?

Why, certainly! The only reason I ever wanted a career is so I could destroy it!

Huh??? You mean to tell me that you're GLAD your career is going DOWN THE TUBES?

Get ready... I feel the hate beginning to expand.

There's no need for HATE, dear. I only want to help YOU reach your GOALS.

To see you DEAD is my only GOAL.

Baby Sue!!! Is that any way for a CELEBRITY to talk?

I feel like sleeping with a dead person... Can I kill YOU? I bet you'd be really cute if you were DEAD!

©1987 LMNOP

Duane Maes, 25
 Denver, Colo.
 During an argument with his wife, the police were called when they arrived he told her, "I'm \$ for you" and shot him, self with a rifle.



John Hebert, 19
 Palatka, Fla.
 Outside a bar, he argued about a pool game with two other young men. One of them got a pistol from a van and shot him in the side.





"My stomach hurts!"



Galette and GOOFETTE



Galette makes up her bed perfectly.



Goofette tears holes in her sheets.



Galette takes the garbage out every morning.

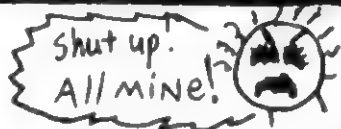


Goofette sits in the garbage babbling things.



Thanks!
Pretty Please?

Galette says "thank you" and "please".



Shut up!
All mine!

Goofette says "mine" and "shut up".



Galette gets a "proper" funeral.



Goofette's death goes unnoticed.

©1987 LMNOP



Archie Shelton, 27
Whitley County, Ky.
Conspicuously agitated, the
Ohio welder shot himself with a
handgun he wrested from his
stepfather after yanking two
other pistols to relatives



Chad Gurtnecht, 17

Dike, Iowa
A member of the "High School
Senior Class of '84," Chad Gurtnecht
ate in a few weeks, "teasing
himself with a little on his side"
at a "cassidy party"

Only faith will tell you that in spite of the suffering and death in this world, God is all good. Many persons of high intellect but not faith, say faced with the problem of evil, say either there is no God or that God is not all-good and doesn't love us.

We Shoot People, Don't We?

small blister on my vulva

New **BAD NEWZ**

#15

BIG AND BADDER THAN EVUH

FEATURING 10 INNERVIEWZ:

MIKE GUNDERLOY, FACTSHEET 5 EDITOR
TIM YOHANNON, MAXI RUNR EDITOR
L.A. PUNKERS THE FIXTURES
CARTOONIST SLUT ACE BACKWORDS
BLOODY MESS AND DA SKABS
MOJO NIXON

FROM MINNEAPOLIS SAVAGE AURAL HOTBED
BAY AREA SLUDGE ROCKERS STEELPOLE BATHTUB
THE AMERICAN GLADIATORS INTERVIEW
CHICAGO'S PUNKIN 6-BARK



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YOUR MUTHER WILL HATE THIS RAG
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TO GET THIS OUT YOU DUMPFUCKS

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PLEASE SEND ME _____ COPIES OF **BAD NEWZ** IS
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\$3.00 for each YES: BACK ISSUES OF
\$13.50 AVAILABLE...

NAME _____
PRICE _____



baby sue

**HATEFUL, VIOLENT,
SADISTIC HUMOR**

Subscription (4 issues)	\$8.00
Baby Sue T-shirt (M, L, XL)	\$8.00
NUMBLES cassette (16 new LMNOP songs)	\$7.00

Send cash or check made to "cash."

**SEND STAMP FOR
FREE SAMPLE ISSUE!**

Baby Sue, P.O. Box 1111, Decatur, GA 30031-1111



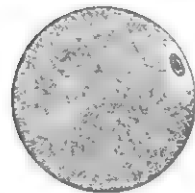
Rectal tube

Paper towel, or toilet tissue

Toilet tissue with lubricant

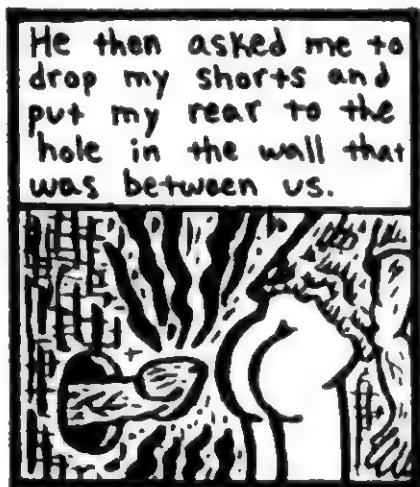
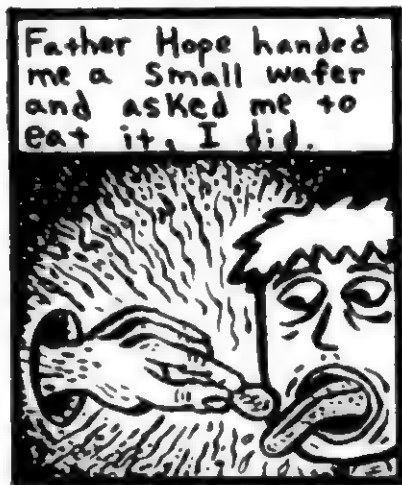
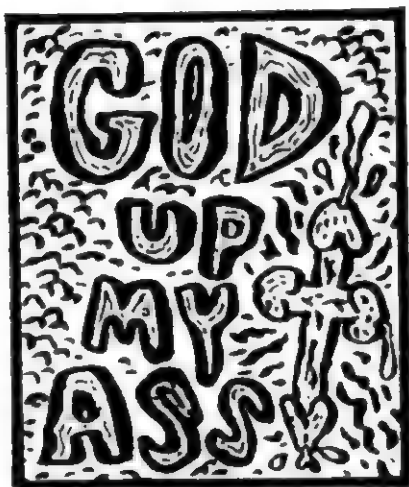
PICKUP TRUCK

the dirty old man
with all of the money
and the bright red truck
comes by the store
and looks around as if he wants to buy something
"can I help you?" I ask
and he walks over to the desk
and stands on tiptoe
and asks me what I would like him to buy for me
stunned, I look outside
and I notice
three little girls about fourteen fifteen sixteen
or so sitting in back
dressed in new clothes
with dirty faces
they look impatient
and they begin shouting
the old man's name
he smiles and waves at them
and turns to me
"well?" he asks



Holly Day
P.O. Box 284
H.B., CA 92648





Nathaniel Doeblar, 19
Westminster, Vt.

A high school senior, he fired a shotgun into his head at home



Justin Price, 12
Morrison, Okla.

He and another twelve year old were playing in a garage with a revolver. In the hands of the playmate, 11, discharged accidentally into Justin's face

**Hands Off Boy Ass,
Priest Is Ordered**

I felt a sharp penetrating pain in my tight anus.



That was the 1st time I saw God.



It wasn't what I was expecting.



That night I told my mom about my experience with God.



Allan Burke Jr., 16
Bel Air, Md.

He was found dead at home by his father, a retired Army colonel. The boy had used his father's revolver to kill himself.



Thomas Langton, 18
Los Angeles, Calif.

While attending a party at which he had more than a few drinks, he got in an argument with another man and was shot on the sidewalk with a handgun.

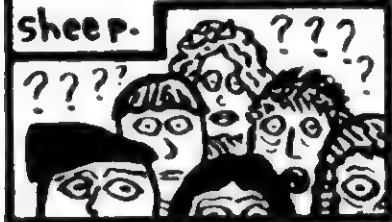
I went & saw
father Hope ev-
ery Sunday for
about six months.



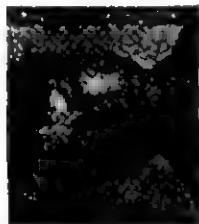
Then one day I
went to see fat-
her Hope & the
nun said he left
for Canada.



I saw about six
other kids my
age wondering
why father Hope
had left, they
looked like lost
sheep.



Now I'm 25, I still
trip out with God,
I drop acid Host
& shove a crucifix
up my asshole.



Michael Leisler, 18
Orlando, Fla.

A high school dropout, he
shot himself with a .25-cal
automatic after losing a job
and being turned down by the
Marine Corps



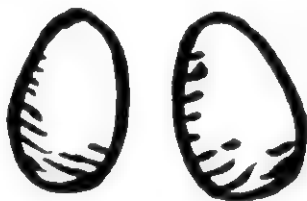
John Elder, 19
Clewiston, Fla.

He put one bullet in a revolver
he had just bought and spun
the chamber. Over his girl
friend's protest, he aimed the
gun at his head and fired

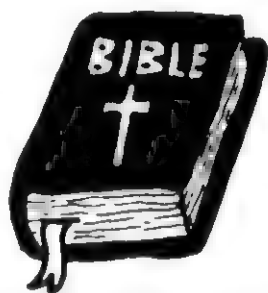
I'm a junky sex
Slave for God.
But at least I'll
be rewarded in the
afterlife. Right??



One more time:
This is your brain.



This is a Bible.



This is your
brain on a Bible.



Any questions?

M. Diana '90



Dennis Carter, 17
Miller Creek, Utah

The troubled youth rode his
bicycle into the country, nearly
a mile from home, then killed
himself with a shotgun



Michael Delgadillo Jr., 19
Port Arthur, Texas

After an argument with his 15-
year-old girlfriend, he killed
himself with a pistol at his
family home



My doctor told me I have herpes blisters on my vulva. My boyfriend denies he has herpes. If this is true, how did I get it?

Herpes, like many diseases, can be carried by the male partner who may have no symptoms.



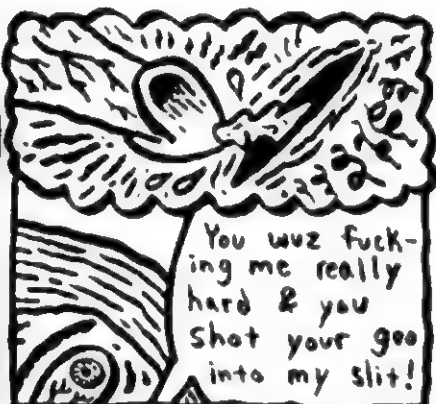
**Does A Young Boy
Have A Prayer?**

NO!

SPECIAL BIRTH!

You Kew John, I had a dream about you last night!!

Real-E!



You wuz fuck-
ing me really
hard & you
Shot your goo
into my slit!

The sperm cell from
your cock met my hot
spicy fiber & a little
bity life began to
twist & brew in my
gut! It wuz so cool!

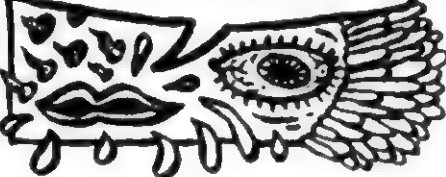


After the dream
I woke & wuz
pregnant, is't
that great!?



Oh it's
So lovely!
our unborn
child is
in my "U"
& I'm on
cloud 19
eating a
Potato boy
Stick, joy!

I can hardly wait
four our child to
pop out so you can
pamper it, love it,
Kiss & cuddle it!!



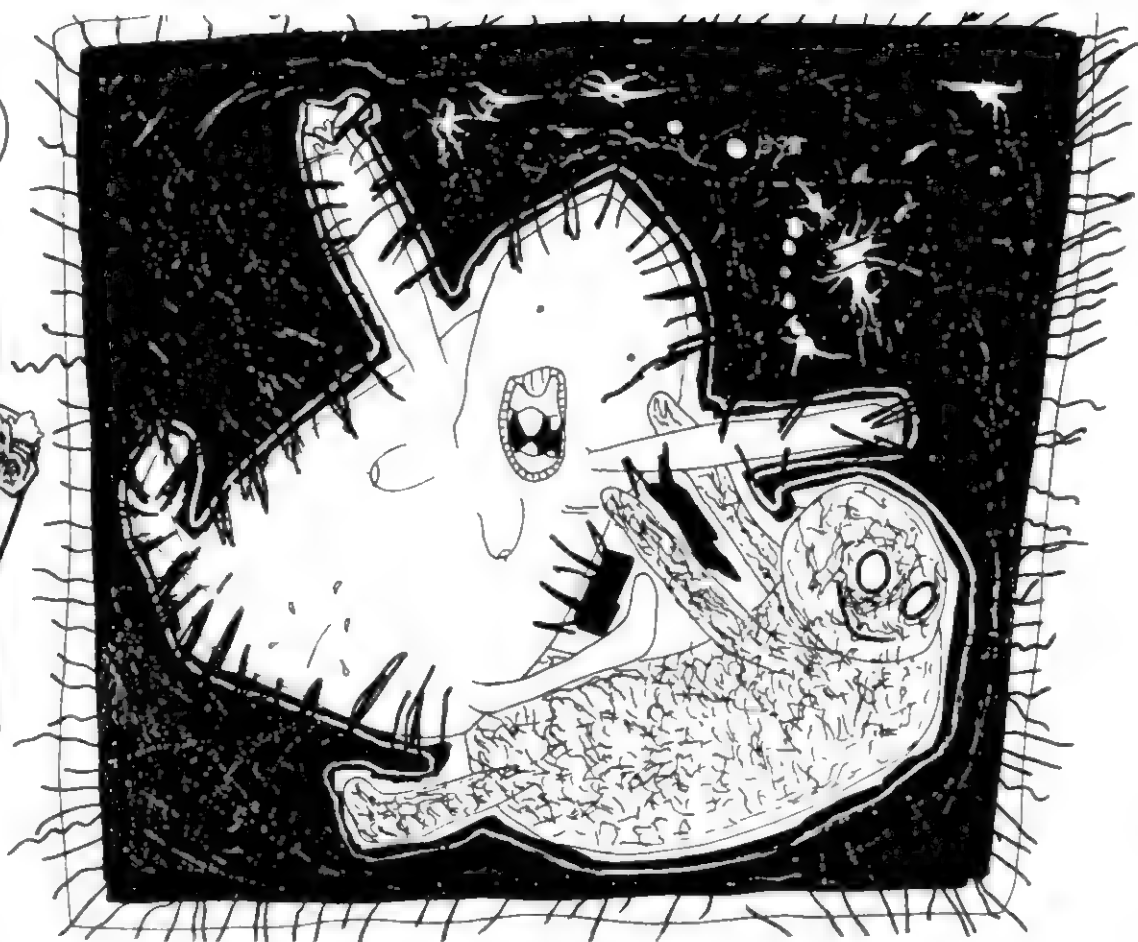
Priest Perverts!

A 50 year old Minneapolis priest
according to the **Star and Tribune** in
that breathtakingly erotic city "was
ordered to stay away from any boys
younger than 18. The order came in
Hennepin County District Court after
the priest was charged with "sexual
ly abusing six boys



⬠ CHILDREN —
THE DEVIL'S PLAYTHINGS ⬠

Peace Be
With You!
Take Off
Your Pants!

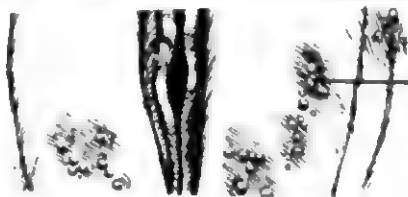


**Catholic Priests
Fuck Children**

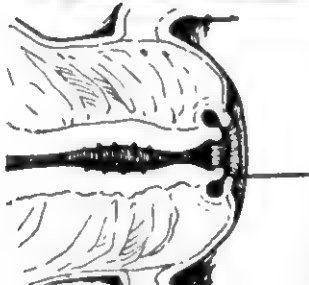


Sexually Transmitted

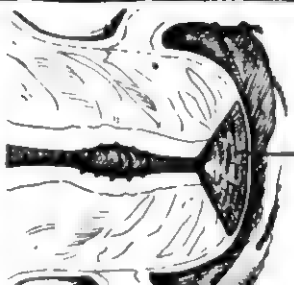
Diseases



Herpes blisters
on vulva



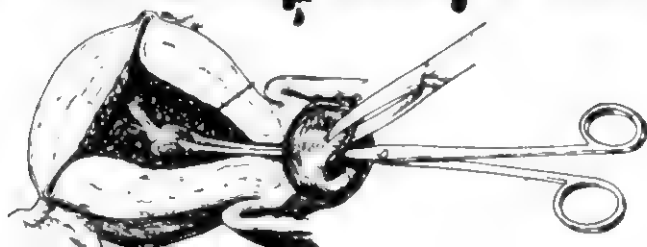
Edges of tissue are sutured together to give a normal-appearing cervix—minus the inflammation (cervicitis) or cancer in-situ



Area of tissue removed by conization



M.C.D. '90



Polyp forceps grasping an endometrial polyp to remove it

CUTE



Fuck
that Lil'
Maggot
on the
cross of
Holy Lamb
SHIT!

MCD '90

dead
Jesus



COCAINE BABIES:

Florida's Substance-Exposed Youth



Germ Layers



The Animal Body Plan Is Basically Simple

CAN YOU HELP?



IC 87 Hestitation marks

Do you
know
her?

One of the police posters appealing for information on the murders

Expecting Dinner

She was expecting dinner

She sat there very composed and ladylike while I adjusted the rope. She obviously had no inclination of what was about to happen. I told her some stories about Viet Nam and then told her I had to make a radio call. I warned her if she made a sound that she would be hanged immediately.

but instead was driven down a deserted road. She was asked to get out of the car and submitted to a frisk search. Then the handcuffs were locked around her wrists and the blindfold placed over her eyes. She was then led away into the dark to the place of execution. She was assisted in mounting the ladder and sat down on the top of it. The hangman's noose was placed over her head after a pillow case was dropped over her face in a hood arrangement.

I went back to the car and had something to drink and then brought the car up. I got out and tied the rope to the bumper so that if I pulled away it would pull out the ladder from beneath her and she would be left hanging. I went back to see her and asked if she were comfortable. She replied that she was getting bored and would I please hurry up with whatever business I had to attend to.

I said I would and before I went back to the car I made sure that the rope was tight around her neck. I wanted her to stand up but she was afraid so I let her sit. She sat there in a black chiffon dress with her hair done up and black pantyhose and high heels. She was wearing perfume and was very sexy.

I went back to the car and finished off the bottle of wine and then promptly at 9 pm I started the car and after allowing it to run for a few minutes I threw it into reverse and backed up quickly. I turned off the car and got out, straining to see if the branches were moving in the trees or hear if there were any other sounds. There were none. After fifteen minutes, which I judged to be a sufficient time for her to die, I went slowly forward into the grove of trees where the execution site was arranged.

It was nothing more than a road with a hangman's noose over a limb dangling above the ladder where she was to sit. I had a light but I almost didn't want to see what I was responsible for. I approached in the dark and could make out her body turning slowly, suspended from the tree.

I went forward and turned on the light. I was a little shocked. There was a considerable amount of blood staining the white pillowcase hood that was over her head. The noose was pulled tight around her neck and her head was tilted to one side because I placed the noose beneath her left jaw. When I was within a few feet of her body I could see that where her feet had been tied tightly, she had broken the bounds obviously in her violent death throes. One of her shoes was off. I was probably shaking as I slowly ran my hand up under her dress just above her knees and began to work it upward. I felt a big hard-on growing in my pants as my hand traveled up her legs, still warm and very much alive to me. The inside of her thighs were wet where she had urinated in her panties. Her underpants and pantyhose were soaked. She was wearing her pantyhose over her panties that were white nylon mesh and very skimpy. I lifted her dress and her wet slip and pulled down the pantyhose over her backside just leaving her panties. I slipped my fingers beneath the rim of her panties down near the front of her cunt and moved them slowly back toward her asshole, fully expecting and hoping to find a nice pile of shit.

My fingers found the hair of her ass and inched toward her hole. Her hole was open and my finger easily slipped into her hot rectum. There was a small amount of excrement littering the crotch of her panties and some more clinging to the area around her asshole but there was not nearly as much as I hoped to find.

I went back to the car and stripped and then returned to the grove. I then

stripped off her dress and slip and pulled down her panties and hose to around her ankles. I then draped her body over a crate that I had brought along for that purpose and fucked her up her asshole. I shot off almost at once and then felt very sorry for her.

Oh, before I took down her body I forced myself to lift up the pillowcase hood and look at her face. The face was swollen and a little mottled. The eyes were closed and swollen at the temples. Her mouth was open and her tongue was visible but not protruding much. I was sick at the sight but I left the hood off because of the blood which I didn't like. After a few minutes I got on her again and fucked her ass some more. It was still hot in there and I shot off quickly once again. Then I stripped her and threw her clothes into a pile.

***She had large bruises on her legs.
This together with the distorted face
and her bruised wrists
made her appear very unattractive.***

I then carried her body over to where I had rigged up a toilet seat between two crates and I sat her limp body on it. I then went down beneath the seat and stared up at her cunt and asshole, playing with them and fantasizing that she was in the act of shitting or pissing.

After a while I got tired of this and left her body on the toilet seat and went back to the car where I think I slept. After a while I went back to her and when I fucked her asshole again, for the first time noticed that she was getting cold on the outside but was still warm on the inside. Then I left her nude body sprawled out on the ground with her ass sticking up in the air, sort of like she was kneeling.

I went back to the car and went to sleep again feeling sick to my stomach.

Later I woke up again and got out and went to her and stuck my prick in her ass again. This time I noticed that not only was her body getting cold, but it was also getting stiff too. I woke up cold and went to the car leaving her in the pine needles after humping her hiney and then passing out over her dead nude body, some time before.

The next time I woke up it was nearly daylight, so I went and took her body which was becoming stiff down in the joints of the arms and legs, and dragged it over to the rope. I replaced the noose around her neck and hauled her up to see what she looked like in the gray daylight. She was too difficult to haul up very far so I took her down and hauled her up on a lower limb where I could support her body as I was pulling it up. For the first time after removing her handcuffs I noticed that her wrists were very bruised, most likely from where she tried to get out of her predicament just before she died.

Earlier I had lain beneath her and looked up her dress with a flashlight, but now with her hanging there naked she was not too stimulating. I went to the car and got a woman's slip and put it on her, then as she was suspended from the rope I stood on a crate behind her and screwed her ass from behind. But it was hard to keep her still on the end of the rope, because she kept wanting to swing out. Her body was cold by this time, and it was exciting in another way being able to fuck her cold corpse.

I got off in her ass once more and then since it was getting light, I took her down and wrapped her up in a white sheet, and took her to the car. I dumped her body in the trunk and picked up her things and wadded them up all except her panties, pantyhose and slip, which were soaked with her piss. I wanted to save these for souvenirs.

I drove to another deserted spot and took her corpse out of the trunk wrapped up in the sheet. I half-dragged, half-carried it a good 200 yards into the bush along a dike. She was very heavy now and it was real work just to move her. When I got to where I decided I wanted to dump her corpse, I opened the sheet and rolled her out, noticing now in the full daylight that she was still wearing one earring and a gold chain. These I took and threw into a canal. Her clothes I also threw into another canal, and then I rolled her corpse down the side of the dike into a palmetto thicket. In the daylight her corpse

was very cold, stiff and grotesque. She had large bruises on her legs from where she probably kicked herself during her death throes. This together with the distorted face and her bruised wrists made her appear very unattractive. I propped her up as best I could and stuck it in her asshole again and then turned her over.

***I would always go there
and beat off toward her,
just out of range of the smell.
Even the maggots didn't want anything
to do with her after a certain point.***

For the first time I really noticed the auburn V covering her cunt. I forced her stiff legs apart as best I could and screwed face to face, which was not easy, since she was very stiff and a little tight from the rigor mortis between her legs. I finally got my nuts off in her and then I was exhausted.

I sat for awhile and then decided to dump her body in the canal. I pulled her body down to the water and pushed her in head first. Her auburn hair swam around her as she began to slip beneath the hyacinths. Finally the water came up over her butt and went into her asshole. I let her feet go and she sank beneath the water.

I went back to the execution site and cleaned up any traces of our having been there. Then I went to a rock pit, where I dumped her pocketbook and the sheet and a few rags and things. Then I went to Lum's and had lunch on her money, and didn't enjoy it too much.

About two weeks later I was curious as to whether she had floated to the surface. I was horrified when I went to where she was dumped and saw her body swollen and bloated, tight-skinned, floating there. She was face down and her hair was covering her shoulders. Her ass was sticking way up in the

air and I was looking right at what had been her cunt and asshole. The maggots had evidently been at work on her, because there was a big hole from her cunt to the top of the crack of her ass, and she stunk to high heaven. She was really putrid with all the flies buzzing and landing on her too. I poked her with a stick trying to get her down under the lilies, but ended up having to pile lilies up on top of her to hide her corpse, which was a funny reddish color.

Another few weeks and she was out from under the lilies again. I tried to sink her with a few blasts from my shotgun. I would almost puke when I got a whiff of her corpse. It was that bad. I would always go there and beat off toward her, just out of range of the smell. Eventually she began to rot away and every now and then when I could stand the stink, I would drag her body out and try to mash it up with a stick. It seemed even the maggots didn't want anything to do with her after a certain point.

Finally I managed to break up the body and make it sink. I took the skull and let the ants eat her brains out, if she had any, then I pulled out all the teeth and scattered them over the county. The lower jaw I buried and the rest of her skull with the face smashed in and the teeth out, I put into another canal some ten miles from the rest of her body. All in all she is probably scattered over some thirty square miles, and I hope that she will continue to remain among the ranks of the missing, even though there is no possible connection between us.



This is one of several stories seized by police in 1973 and used to convict the author of MURDER. He is presently serving two life terms in PRISON for the first degree murder of two teenage girls, and has been connected in the media to over two dozen dead and missing girls.

GJ Schaefer is represented exclusively by MEDIA QUEEN News & Information Services of Atlanta, Georgia. Media Queen does not endorse the actions portrayed in this FICTIONAL story and would urge the reader not to try this at home. Remember, the author has spent most of his life imprisoned for his actions.

KILLER Fiction



GJ SCHAEFER

WARNING

EXPLICIT SEX
& VIOLENCE

Killer Fiction is for adults only. This collector's edition (\$25 US, \$30 abroad) includes stories seized by police in 1973 & used to convict the author of murder. Stories written in 1989, and confiscated from the author by prison authorities as obscenity, include accounts of executions and shop talk with Ted Bundy. Mike Newton (*Hunting Humans*) says *Killer Fiction* "grabs the reader in a stranglehold and never lets go. An extended walk on the dark side with no holds barred. Required reading for students of serial murder."

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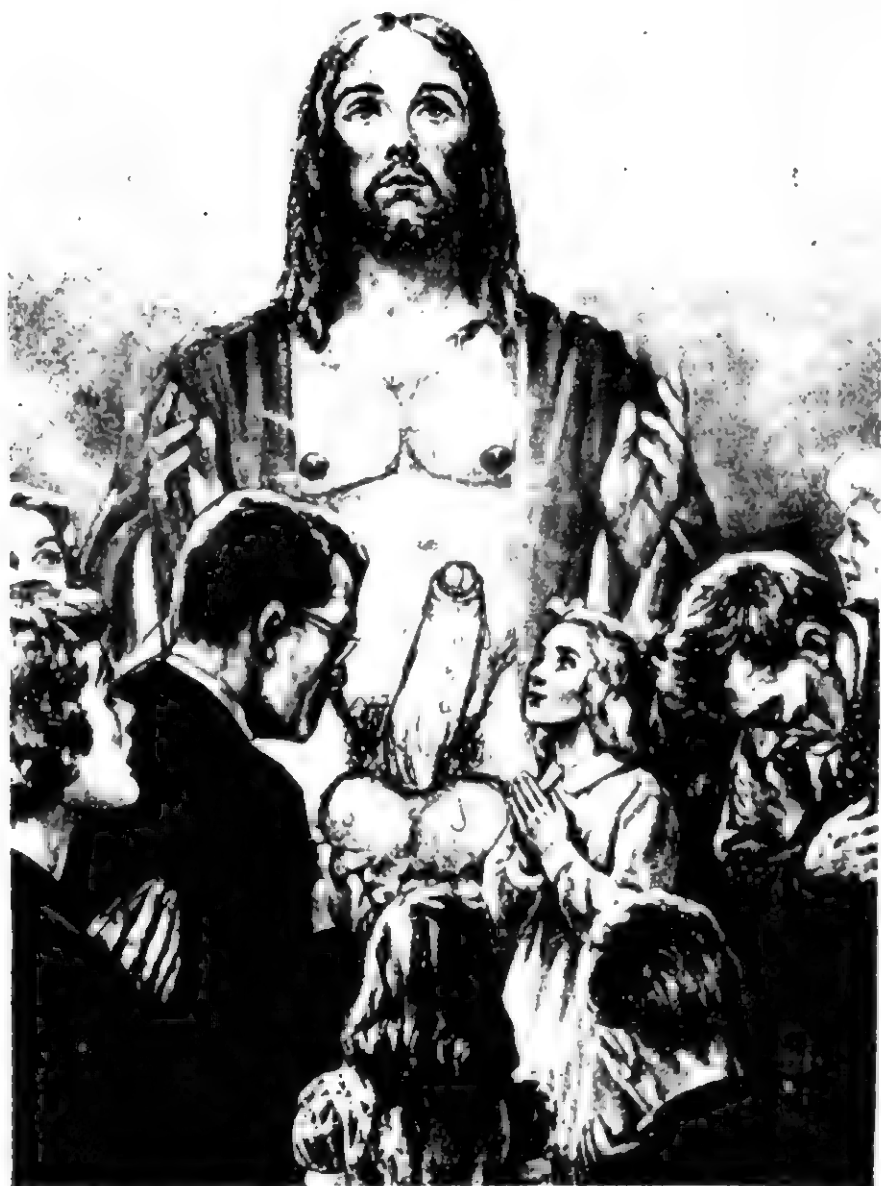
SEND SASE FOR LISTING OF WORKS BY GJ SCHAEFER
& OTHER KILLER WRITERS



MIKE DIANA '90



After taking penicillin for a sore throat last week, I developed a terrible itching and a whitish, curd-like discharge. What could this be?



. HE WHO EATS ME WILL LIVE BECAUSE OF ME. (JOHN 6:58)

Sick, Sick, Sick, Sick, Sick, Sick!

CAN YOU HELP?



NO

NO

NO

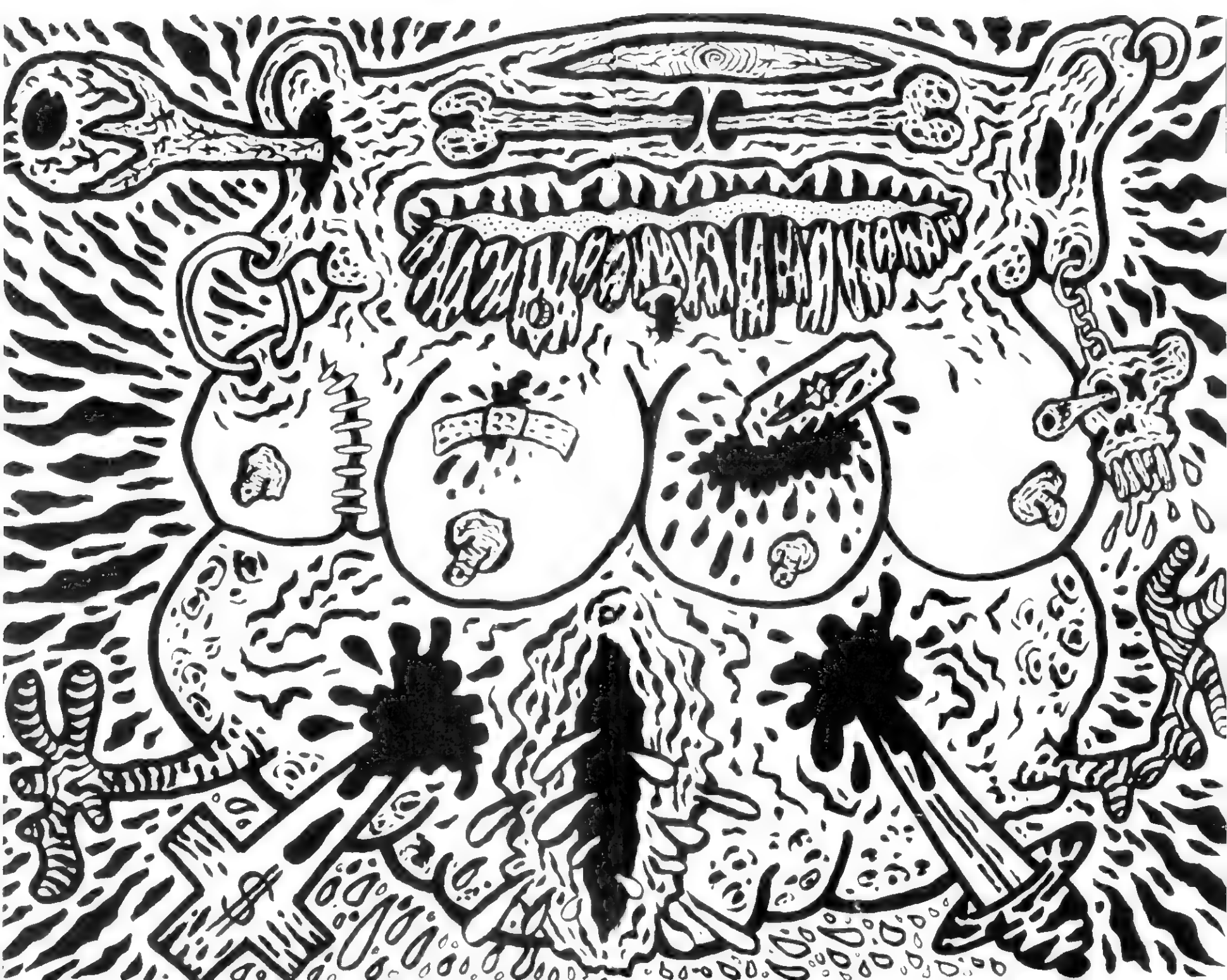


HYMN



Hair

Teeth





Chlamydial infections

Conjunctivitis due to chlamydia

Cytomegalovirus infections of newborns

Dermatophytosis

Gardnerella vaginalis

Giardiasis

Gonorrhea

Granuloma inguinale

Hepatitis, both A and B

Herpes simplex

Melioidosis

Mycoplasma hominis

Molluscum contagiosum

Mononucleosis, infectious

Pediculosis

Scabies

Syphilis

T-Mycoplasma

Trichomoniasis

Viral warts (condylomata)

A rather imposing list!

Is chlamydia considered to be a venereal disease? That seems like such an unpleasant term.

Yes. These diseases are now called *sexually transmitted diseases*. This means they are *venereal*, as we used to call them.

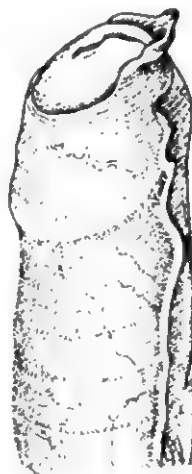


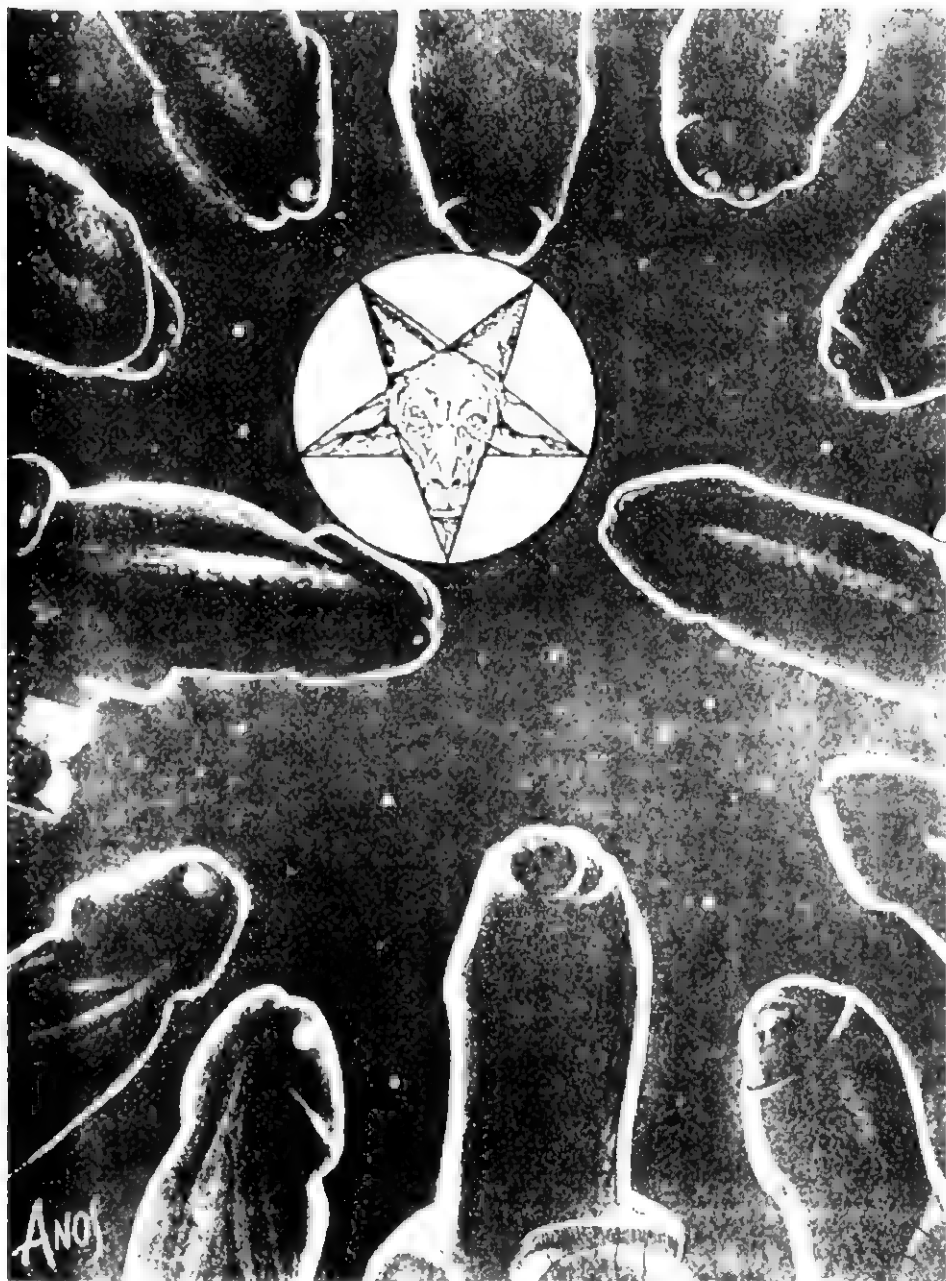
CHANGING THE T.V.

What are you doing!
You need darker lipstick, and make it thick!
You want to look nice...
Have you douched your backside yet?
No? I'm keeping track and I'm losing patience.
Get over here!
Look at this! Both of these are clipped!
Do I have to tell you everything?
No, not those, the hoops, the hoops!
The ones over there. The silver ones!
How did u get so pathetic? Look at you!
You better shave that nosenair.
Don't know how I put up with this—
You're so helpless.
Put that on yourself!

U.. common and cheap, lower class, better know your place!
Don't disgrace your parents - I want this kitchen clean!
Better wipe that smile off your face!
Pervert-dreaming sick dreams
What have you done now? Sit down.
You love me to yell at you - weirdo!
You don't deserve my attention
all of this derision is too good for you.
Stick that in your ass and shut up.
did I say to put your pants on.
No taught you farmers.

Bob ", pot 28, 2336 market st., san fran.. ca 94114





I recently married (at age 46). I have developed lesions on my vulva and around the anal area. My doctor tells me these are venereal warts. How did I get these? What can I do to get rid of them? Are they likely to recur?

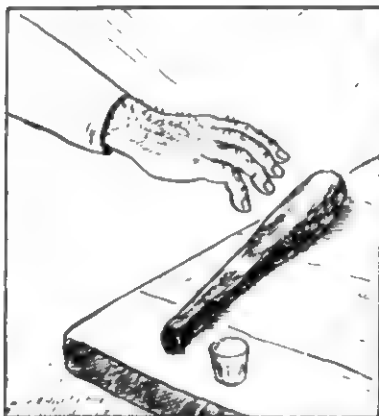


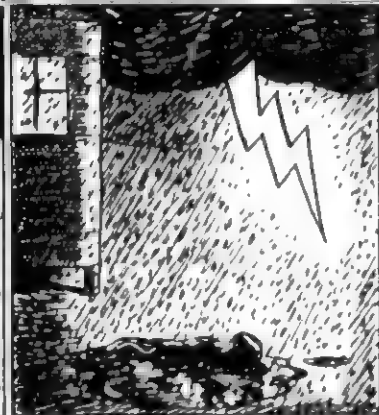
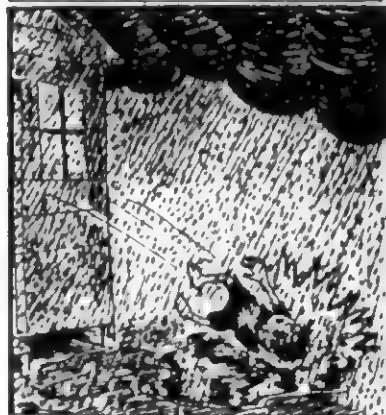
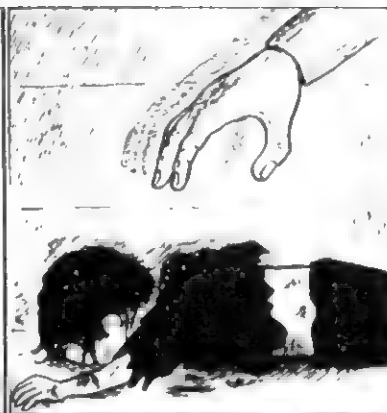
Kid



Killers

What symptoms should I look for in cancer of the ovary?





THE CROSS FOR CHILDREN



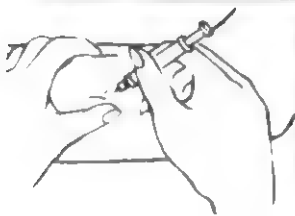
FUR EXULT!

W. G. V. D. M. D.



Offertory of the Host

We recall from our study of the Last Supper that our Lord Jesus Christ took the unleavened bread which was to be consumed with the Paschal Lamb into His hands and offered it to His Heavenly Father. The unleavened bread of Divine Sacrifice, the Host, later in the Holy Mass becomes the Body and Blood of our Savior, Jesus Christ. When the priest prays at the Offertory, think how Pilate showed Christ to the people all covered with sweat and blood, saying to them,





MIKE DIANA



JUST SAY NO TO DORK-HANDLES

Vaginal Discharge

**CUTE
FREE
ZONE**

Menopause



SUFFER



herpes



I Hate Girls

AN I PLEASE HAVE A GLASS OF WATER, PLEASE.



THE LONG KISS OF DEAD WATER

by

Gomez Robespierre

(I) GHOUL'S HERALD

The Evil Moment walks on by, and I return to the world of fable. . . , of tale. . .

The Dream Silence chock full of nifty murmurs. . . the illusion of correct attitudes and the spirit of the system. . . A danger of smothering in the stupid obsessive mob. . . apex of my wily solitude I stood upon the naked shaved waves and hollered to the non-existent crowd. . . a bid to get their attention, to rattle the flimsy wooden bars of their gaol. . . the interminable sadness in my memory grinding out clear obscurities. . . to be had for a bargain, a pittance--

Wrong, wrong: no excellent explanations. . . I am a broken creature who points at the moon and cries; yet laughs at comets and quasars. . .

Daylight intrudes upon pieces of the puzzle-box lying on the bottom of the albino African Grey Parrot's tin canister mausoleum scratching my mercy gifts, there must be an antidote for me,--a walking talking farting weeping disease.

Shadows of my mouth stick to the walls. . . I sully the truth with my wearisome methods then polish them and make dirty again. . .

In a luminous frenzy I call upon the Eighth Dimension Charmed Almude Circle to slay my enemies raise the composting dead and tear the cellophane leaves from Cerberus's favourite tree. . .

The air is dense as lead my sweet strands of drool drape the azure fog that cloaks the soldiers and they ambush and strike down a torn regiment of simian dragoons. . .

My shame and terror vanish in a gasping sputter of mockery at the impotent senescent demigods placidly sliding their black and red disks across the checkered board . . . mannikins pausing on the artificial charcoal sepia cobblestone road to the sky. . .

My eyes revolve I apologize I apologize for my torrents of focused vileness--Did I mention the music of renewed pain?--Did I tell you about the quiet plague squeezing the soul?--Did I remark on my two palms coming together, suddenly, in a smoldering flash, in praise of my master?--Ever bring up the fattened nuts that crack when the mean hot tricks are dealt by the unfortunate brute?--How about the cries of unraveled mutilated generations?--The inheritance handed down in sealed strong-boxes and the keys hopelessly tangled just another symptom of this domain of disgraced ancestors?--And the peculiar anguish of martyrs? -What of it?

I frolic in the grey space of deserted hopes. . . I've wiped out the infinite stinking colour of fidelity's grandeur and concocted the vaccination for stigmata-infection. . .

My gyrations give the heart cramps. . . glue the poisoned scraps to melancholy adolescents so sleepy and bored in spite of overflowing manifestations. . .

I am schooled in the stream of vague misgivings. . . pursued by the breath of unborn heirs. . . succumb to the muck of independence. . . I starve for the bliss of coma but am glutted with the cacaphony of day-to-day striving. . . never understanding the gibberish of others, the carnival emotions of my contemporaries,--that strange gang of hugaboos banging their tambourines clicking their finger cymbals and stomping and chanting the one billion names of the gravy-thick deity soaked with chilled plasma roaring and sopping it all up with slices of pre-packaged bread, oh oh, my head dwindles in the night, so astray. . . the energy

of the little game shrinking. . . I breathe the atrabiliar oxygen and wring from ghosts' sighs bold paralytic foam--

Where stands the rat jar on its aureate pedestal, adorned with juicy garlands flutters of blood protrude from goblin ice sculptures arranged in the forbidden calm that delirium brings. . . the warmth of animal passion slobbers out of white absurd cenotaphs--

Whimsical gargantuan morning parted to reveal the tobacco shudder of virgin doom nesting beneath the sweet soaring cupola. A taste of lace weasel fingers. Furious tumescence. Pea-brained nitwits mumbling and a-rubbing their purulent eyes. Rubbery within the boiling reptilian womb. Frozen astral climax recorded on reel to reel tape and stored in infinitesimal rich deep malevolence blossoming across a conflux of one hundred ebullient voracious mouths bleating and howling out worthless promises and repenting.

The limestone stare of the Slow Wilderness King. A bath in lavender fat. Champagne and caviar. The tang of hog frost on her caterpillar eyebrows tallow candles and meatloaf crumbs in the camera's window low-coloured grunts ebony tables streaked with snot and hoarse cuckold's curses.

Starless smore of a burnt heaven empty and cold and bereft of mellow concord and strophe. . .

Wheel of intransigent light so vast and puny fading into a squashed desire the scorching musk of randy genitalia spilling over into forgotten dimensions--

Cryptic organs smeared onto basrelief columns.

Protoplasm effusing from pulsating opening-and-closing holes in her stretch-marked abdomen--magma oozing a perilous sludge seeping and effacing the crushed margins of time. . .

Black butterflies flit in-and-out of the eye sockets of synthetic jellied skulls. . . phantom little girls swinging

on playground swings, pigtails and soiled panties, the chains oxidized dank air like toad's breath--

Lacy dark resiliency of training-bra somatic souls.

An adorable asparagus dream melting into an asteroid mirage suspended in the inimical garden of the solar system.

Bitter blasts of insanity destabilize the early smoothness--

Glossy convoluted orchid scalded by hot tears of wax--
The black hum.

A mass of faces wagging and blinking and contorting swirls of non-existent colours wilted crisp like a tired stale pretzel stick--snap! of crippled motives incontinent, palsied, and leaking molten cerumen lying on the tarmac under the hot quarter-moon toxic pollen riding the wind your eyes swollen shut your sinuses clogged itchy bleeding the spirochete squaredance swing yer pardner dosey-doe--

Tremendous frozen waves rock the interstitial frontier: vacant immovable imponderable bluegreen shock-blasts fastened to a sky turned inside-out and looking threadbare, tattered.

A taste of cold peanut butter in the mouth. (This odd sensation has been reported by prison inmates who have actually survived a bout, or bouts, with the electric chair.)//

(II) GHOUL'S ORISON

The secret children skate across McReese Pond in the distance the old man, forsaken by youth, afflicted with Parkinson's and liver-spotted, wearing his favourite chesterfield, flies his pink paper kite trying to remember the wish made so long ago in the rowboat, in spring.

The playgrounds are broken from being overwound. . . two rare organs pass by, hiccupping like astral bird imps.

Blissful muffled hours lie folded in the cool camphorated drawer. . . I'm gagged by the perfume of flattery

. . . pick thorns from the rose stems of procrastination and place them in a tingling dish made from flies' wings.

My violent joys threaten to devour even me: a massive familiar bone in the cur's mouth, a femur? he's foaming and growling, hair bristling, long intervals of weariness between bouts of histrionic sorrow. . . the muttering Nativity projected with such radiance!--origins of a strange morning. . . sun like a flattened sphere of cesium crawling out of the western horizon screams echo and bounce off the carved mountainside sentinels blurred and smoky in the ragged dawn--blessed pus of invisible deliverance seeping from wounded opalescent vines scourged and gleaming, yes, ah, my lust for torture is notorious--these bluebloods and bean-eaters and slopeheads need a truculent flogging!--simple dust-babble condemned to destroy itself--my thorax goes up, then down. . . then I drop into a grave so moist and black and delicious; oh, amplexant nightcrawlers, bosom-buddies! come and dabble with my honeyed perfidious nature.--I'll throw you in the hole; the dogs wont even want you! not a sniff! not a lick!--theyll skulk away. Hooks and barbs splitting your soul's geometry--steady, steady, my deaf dumb puppet with great wild cerise lips!--your tears add an extra flavour to the truffles--Bah! I'm blathering again. Dont mind me.--Happens frequently, I've gotten used to it. . . I've submitted to the controvertible urinous kingdom supplied by my foes - tuppence for the king! and I swallow the coins sulphuric yellow noise unfolding like animated origami. . .

My gloom is my purpose:--cant you see this?!

Exorbitant grey lights moving beneath the evening sky--bats, nature's accused though unconvicted criminals, felons framed by God's dovelike albeit soiled hands, pour out in a maelstrom from caves of chalcedony. . . squeaking and reeling under a firmament cracked, peeling, and stinking. . . flooded with languid misgivings, I lower the flag, yes, good,

the stars and stripes and the crescent and the pitchfork,
drape it over my remote-control dribbling everlasting coffin
. . . six-gun salute, and taps. . . floating voices, dont you
hear them? didnt I tell you youd hear them?!--ah. . . easy
now, easy. . . , I'm dragging my body around a bit too much,
it's bound to get scraped up, leave a trail of skin and blood,
like wet eraser crumbings, on the pavement. . . my sargasso
slime paradise. . . I spare nobody punishment, nobody es-
capes the Scotch tawse. . . little-by-little all shall burn
in the thunderous quiescence. . . the ozone layer sterilized
by dark problems spawned by ignorance and penury. . .

A phalanx of frogs hopping across the piano keys cranks
out a snazzy version of Wagner's Das Rheingold melting fool-
ishness leaves stains and green spittle irresistible chronic
adenitis clothed in magnesium frogskin I suddenly flare up
when struck by a bolt of rabid lightning- my body oozes out
of the suit and surrounds the large purple wooden stones--
the chaffed rain is buzzing like a depthless well of golden
mucus--explosions in the crooked valley over yonder- the
smell of painless ulcers fermenting. . . epochs of howling
in the charnel house coming to a new beginning:

the plastic jingle bread bursting my fevered guts slicing
the ancient throat behind a curtain of flypaper. The drop
out. Last Supper shindig with His Holiness byssus robe and
all knifing away at the loaves quaffing the Muscatel spiked
with DMT and snarling calmly at His crazy idea wrapped up in
day's end scalded by automatic humiliation--ventilating the
male smell perspective--unpleasant gamy stink no place to
hide from it no place for a gentl'man--a lucky bouquet of milk
flower sandwiches. . . shank forest trodden by collapsed
thumping confined space. . . my eyes yodel and memorize the
screaming technicolour descension of guilt and repentance.

My lush nerves. Twisting and spewing a narcotic cerate

with the ardent need to rape each slimy instant rising in a crescendo of crisp quivery pleasure--the fluttery longhaired dream sweltering with indignation and magnificent throbbing coiling hate. . . , superb retching rancour. . . , I've bitten the dream and now it lies in the cellar, shackled and foaming, with rabies. Running my immense tongue over translucent onyx statues of agonizing pagan saints and fertility goddesses-- you can hear the rush of blood to their genitals in each new luscious barbequed shameful moment. . . .

I'm an epileptic retard shrieking and caw-cawing plummeting over a chasm of deferred emotion convulsing to the delight of vengeful lascars lost at sea. . . . their bloated rotting animated corpses running loving hands up-and-down all over the colossal obelisk of wrinkled limpid churning scissored smuggled-'cross-the-border passion--

A stiffcocked psycho from the boondocks squirting razor blades of sloppy psychosis, whatta mess.

A tranquil colony of fumbling replicas. . . sizzling prominent scrambled argent waves. . . plodding vehemence, tottering shadows, moans down by the corral-in-shambles. . . . horrible empty neons so heavy, hovering over the skyline--

Looming figments of pathos rushing and welling up inside my sternum my feet upon the sodden ruby carpets. . . . voluptuous acrylic daffodils. . . .

A fibrous voice tickling my body like feathery octopi tentacles gradually liquifying, with their caressing, my collar bone neck vertabrae my head and neck droop and stretch . . . stretch down, down. . . drooping down like putty. . . . falling slowly, getting lower, lower--plop! to the floor in a flash of oily tears--

Black lumps shiny and slick flicker under white lumps of stale cloud. . . a strobe-flash clap of wobbling thunder shakes the entropy of ignorance. . . organic copper hoops

hiss wildly with a fizzing glitter the numb equatorial laughing twilight bearing the odor of a sinister brooding presence. . . star-shot clatter of unctuous lies. . . gooey and putrid so vast yet able to fit in the palm of your hand. . .

The heavy ruthless fruit of saturnia so tender and refreshing a scented citrus shower against the teeth upon the tongue I walked out of the sky a mist the colour of olives and apricots enveloping the breeze of desperation, stirring the surface of shallow fetid pools of lacrima in the crevices of artificial rock. . .

I inhale the brown smoke, my feet crunching the delicate twisting spiralling brittle formations, probably dried dung of the roaming, once-prolific wolflizards, so composed and conniving crafty on an evening riddled with the contamination of melancholy. . . a luminescent febrile silent glare. . .

There is violence in the stillness. . . murder is the quiescence that hate emanates with unparalleled stealth. . .

I am bored and in need of the taste of an excruciating form of homicide; something to shred tranquility's fabric, rip apart the framework of peace--I need to kill. I need to feel the body relinquish its life I want that soul, want to suck it out of its shell and crush the shell to squishy dust crumbling sorrowful wail my teeth gnash and gelid waves slam against the cliffs another innocent slaughtered by my perfect serene evil--tremendous grinding clanging choral wounds savage stupendous exalted cruelty--cadmium yellow swamp steam-ing off a noxious gas choking the final strands of hope--good riddance!--a soft green stench. . . I'm inhaling this luxurious aporrhoea. . . lovely fustiness of one billion pretty dainty itty-bitty sins. . . tinker-toy foibles. . . nursery school transgressions. . .

I left my last victim in sputtering hysterics. . . , I'm still bewildered--I actually spared the disgusting slut, left her puking and convulsing in the peat bog must

be getting a tad sentimental in my advanced years, yes,
usually I'd fistfuck the bitch to death then consume her--
raw or cooked doesn't matter an iota of difference to me
though my preference is aged meat. . . munch! munch! munch!
crunch! crunch! chomp-chomp! schlurp schlurp, glug glug. .

Luminescent silent glare twisting that hate I need to
kill I wail a noxious choral stench choking tranquility's
fabric out of a mist unparalleled upon the tender gloaming
a shower of crevices so languid in the sinister shallow
stillness waves slam my slaughtered breeze of wobbling only
munch! bitch peat bog entropy and vast yet able to fit in
the palm of your hand. . .

(III) GHOUL'S SONG

I'm a skin bandit: I peel the flesh from your with-
ing flapping form. . . I tear apart your body, flay the
meat off your stinking soul. . . nothing you think and say
and do can stop me I'm a defiler of what's already befouled
. . . my hands are scarred with sin and I burn out your ten-
uous faith and vacuous dreams when I touch your eyelids
my cock stiffens when I read the obituary column all that
death-eating and inhaling and sleeping death--layer upon
layer of death painted on the infected walls of terrors,
painted with a syrupy varnish of misery, pain, despair. . .
the agonal wail. . . seething broken crepuscular desires
blended into a ravaged time channel imminent change a
pungent clear solvent that dissolves the teeth the muscula-
ture the soul-bone dance upon platforms of molty sapphire
rapid rush of tears swirling round and round--the aque con-
vulsing my body I bite into your purity the juice running
down my chin my neck each droplet its own tiny universe:
poisoned. . . infected. . . the comestible soul--my entree
hemoglobin banquet babyfat candles lambent in the dusty col-
webbed dining room- the clinking and tinkling of silverware

rare china with gilded edges dainty crystal champagne glasses--the feast of the century! an aeonian munch-out el supremo!--scrumptious! yum yum yum! cant beat the succulent flavour, the heady aromas. . . delight of all the epicures and gourmands, gnashing their fangs their stomachs rumbling with desires blending into a ravaged time channel--

Arid drones. The music of disaster bleeps. Murky plateaus surface in the dusk. Love slaughter melody. Chopped glass blended into a cream blinking switchboard lights. Electronic attitudes that point to a lazy direction. Solid cold textures suck in the cracks. The cruel moods mingle and burst into multiple voices sound aroma spitting ambient heat.

Torture caskets slip into black tepid water.--Sick and dull, the same patterns over and over. . . shortwave clatter of dirty chords sinking into tenebrous by-ways. . . the unhurried element attacks. . . throbbing and mesmerized deprogramed churning. . . quick slaps of subterranean feedback spin the liquified colours into a web so tenuous and magnetic and enthralling--bombastic ethereal finger feelings all over the back brain hallucinatory Aryan dream silence seminal age of lugubrious madness.

A ravaged time channel is dripping slowly through
The Reaper's hard white fingers.

I am devoted to what is deplorable, to what has been abjured:--the dead foetus, worm-ridden excrement, the incessant carnal craving for my siblings, the oratory of cozeners, ah, the list goes on, the manacles of my sickness:--my playthings. . .

When I see a mass of maggots I do running over and poke my nose in there to see what the hoopla is all about

Hot curtains of obscurity part to reveal a voluptuous yet petite short black-haired girl with sequined freckles

rubbing her pussy frigging her clit. . . , squeezing and twisting her thick distended nipples. . . her tongue is moving frantically around her diaphanous lips pulsating like erogenous radioactive glands. . . slopping around and drooling a bubbly amethyst saliva. . . the flesh of the moon, the solitude of the moon- the dark iron grass, a forest for the joyful crickets and lyctids dreaming of malleable punishment hurtling toward the outer reaches of the galaxy-- statue of the great poet Paracelsus in the filthy purple mist -

I'm grinding your rotten emotions. . . , my dick pulses and jerks and releases a gusher of crooked obscurity in the valley over yonder where the stupid oafs ply their trades. . . , their cheeks puffed and bulging, jowls champing, chins stained brown, a regular fete come one come all!--

My emerald vertical eyes, gold-speckled, my ductile thoughts lying on the damp cement pavement, hairy moose ears twiggling. . . pine scent of the fluorescent orange mail-order forest the cirrus clouds like shredded tissue paper suspended in the welkin. . .

My face falls from the bones and drops into an oleaginous vortex puddle refracting the rasping stars so delightful and preposterous. . .

Knock-knock-knocking on the infinite doors leading to giant fresh passages overgrown with effulgent vitreous hydropnic vines squeezing and twisting her thick distended pussy lips nice petite girl so cute hard white and buzzing. . .

Bacteria bones fly off sloppy blooming fauna ravaged by fanged spiny viridescent slugs telepathically droning in the filthy purple mist. . . Green teeth munching on molecules shat out by frozen feldspar warriors who plod the continent in search of angora unicorns who absentmindedly lap the glabrous cunts of blonde nubiles drunk on pollen and the dark villous serpents recite inconceivable sutras--mono-

tone chants reverberate over the mead dissolving into an ol
eaginous vortex puddle. . . whistling angels tremble when
they pass the needle around--a pure smoking sphere of tragic
bleating--the music of mushy craniums piped over the floating
loudspeakers Marshall amplifiers the decibel level cranked
all the way up
stink of forlorn hope washed up on the greasy polluted
beach cruddy waves buoy
doughy rainbows damp and limp flop into orange flourescent
mailorder forest lilac bubbles from the afflicted nuclear
paradise abeyance in the humid air of the abandoned village
where stupid oafs ply their juice hot curtains moving in
dead emotions. . .

--I watch for the light to go on in the secret chamber
--I buy smooches and sucks with paralyzed nickels
swollen mottled flesh hangs in folds and strands from the
inoperative streetlights. . . the wet asphalt streets are
cold and lovable on this distinguished Tuesday evening. . .
the trash and garbage heaps piled high on each corner:
splattered vegetable dolls milk cartons beer wine liquor
bottles rusted hunks of crooked metal automobile wreckage
decomposing meat and rolled-up moldering rugs cigarette
butts fast- and junk-food bags containers wrappers condoms
foetuses phosphorescent excreta steaming off a toxic gas
ripped-up sundry clothing syringes crack vials prosthetic
limbs cyclone fencing rusting in powdered flecks hunks of
splintered wood burnt furniture. . .

--I squirt a blast of urine on a child copulating with a
hairless cur

--I sink the raw excemic fingers, cut from a Pontius Pilate
lookalike, into the acidic soil of the crushed lots. . .
maybe they will take root?

green peanuts float in a pond of scummy yellow milk. . .

there's a body drifting out there, face-down. . . retards
sniffing each other's fingers. . . , licking each other's
armpits. . . giggling and pointing at a cracked smudged
mirror they slice their tongues with shards of glass then
French-kiss, savouring the tang of poisoned blood, succour
for the senses, the tastebuds spinning like miniscule whirl
pools--a road of broken glass that leads to a box with an
inscription on it--an ark in my basement, dusted with par-
aquat and flour, all the animals stuffed and mounted. . . ,
their unseeing eyes look behind old brain fences constructed
of rickety lies sand blowing into open festering wounds. . .
--I worship my open straightedge razor with the fervor of
a Druid on MDMA. . . , with the ardor of an Aztec drunk on
the splendid colours of a Parisian lady's peacockish par-
asol so bright so gawdy in the midday sun
--I suppose my father rattles the bone dice in his fist
a cement photograph of my sister trampled by Clydesdales,
each bearing around its neck a key-ring device with which
to unlock the highwayman's plundered booty chest submerged
in the salt swamp the friendly friars playing a few hands
of gin rummy, no use for such material ilk this acnode in
time accessible only by my strict adherence to the doctrine
set forth in newspapers and certain scriptures. . . , papyri. . .
hawked by the amah, an eyeless infant dangling from her tent
and the telephone incessantly ringing across the street a
midget standing on a stack of bibles masturbating with a can
of furniture polish and singing an aria. . .
--I hallucinate the agony of the saints
--I envision the raptures of the wicked monks held pris-
oner in the keep
I taste the blood laved by fat indolent roachrats
--I hear the magnificent shrieks of babies being drawn
and-quartered in the public square
--I smell the crisp flesh from the pyre

--I see and love and live the madness I see and live and
love the madness

(IV) GHOUL'S LAMENT

Snow prayers in this age of wrinkled horror--so weary,
the lymph of suffering. . . defeated before the first cannon
blast--my tumultuous spirit swimming in your confounded
tears. . . way past the shores a desert of drunken joy. . .
swords of chiseled ivory wielded by the muttering savages
adorned in Mammon gold. . . they cannot gaze into the black
blood looking-glass for fear theyll behold a fate forged
by the maniacal blacksmith strung-out on lotus petals and
cheap white port wine--

It's an era of deformed smiles. . . a disfigured epoch
illuminated by ghastly gargoylean torches flickering with ob-
scene puissance. . .

A psoriatic crippled sylphid gagging on the crumbs of
mighty sin crushed with titanic wanton loathesomeness. . .
a rich vapourized metal surges forth from the smothered
ephemeral pleasures grovelling in the slime of the over-
flowing gutter. . .

Old love-letters burnt and ravaged the caledonia sheet
lightning writhes in the suppurating tarnished sky. . .

I have abandoned the pureness of the most-holy-ecsta-
sies and have embraced the shadowy oblivion of sin--

Dance of the Sabbath Feast

a mystic

lust distilled from rare red opium--the sweet hollow-eyed
traitor is sacrificed, along with his spouse, his offspring,
beneath the moaning ebony firmament pulled down to the
planet's surface by palsied gravity--humid repulsive in-
cantations driving the revelers crazier and crazier--wild
pangs of glorious rotten desire. . . dazzling chimes shining

smooth as a set of large oiled breasts the crystal innocence
shattered the epidermis pierced and an alchemic anthesis
with nauseated gasps and infected coughing/ah-hem/coughing/
ah-hem

her soft curves are hacked by the grand blade which scatters
endless misery and divine pain into space her black hair is
cut off and thrown to the wind her sequins blow away
I am cruelty I am love I am sorrow and remorse and isolation. . . my fingers can ruin your soul and face; my stare
can send you screaming into the lightless feral weald running
into the tentacles of agony. Of Truth.

Let me lavish upon you the wretchedness of all mankind. . . caress this pile of worms . . . breathe in the
redolent fetor of hate:--and know its delicate sickly
aroma, its dulcet bouquet. . . , like exiled pleading aflame,
a stink of wholesome meat gristle and befouled papaya juice
mingled with the morgue-womb's rattling dice in dad's hand--

It lies heavy upon the scarred tongue and burns the
ulcerated ligneous throat. . . aluminum gems imbedded in the
shaven skulls of dancing liquid walrus boys, their mouths
rising with the saliva of abandonment. . .

I have ruined and defiled both you and myself the fugue-
whispers of fire, so gentle, the glow of forgetfulness shakes
my being, crushes this hip snazzy music the semen-stained
pockmarked cheeks, your, your, your eyes so splendid in
their pitiful sombre gawking. . . streaming. . . steaming. . .
inebriated hands stir the cauldron of gruel with a long hard
ivory paddle a noxious wailing fog is rising. . . jets of
gelid gas chill the sludge of vicissitude. . . slender
marble masks shaped like plaintive priests' faces topple,
releasing their contents. . . , a deformed ointment running off
the top of the polished balsam table. . . , dripping onto the
burnished floor so warm from the hearth. So warm from the
hearth.

There is an elf who speaks a strange language.--There
is a cat who knows the precise hour of your demise.--There
is a funeral procession utilizing an empty coffin.--There
is an eternal loneliness in my mouth. Rotten skin caked be-
neath my fingernails. In the pit of my blistered stomach.--
There is a bare hope upon my lips.--

There is a goat in the heart of the woods, in a
clearing, who sits bethroned.

a rich carpet of psychedelic odalisques. . ; ghouls of
dementia--Brotherhood Despicable,--arising from their
catacombs, slinking out of their speluncar hideouts. . .
famished. . . yet, so soon ago they were bloated, engorged--
ah. . , the awakening sleep from their bromide tombs and
they seek out the lickety-split putrefying flesh to sate
their morose cold hunger.

my compatriots,--Brotherhood Despicable..

they are starving. . , these. . . these. . . these!!--We!--
We!--We!--

Us.

We. We hideous tigers of the cemetery, of the blasphemed
graveyard. . . We, so denigrated. Outcasts. Scum.
and vipers hisssss! spitting a caustic corrosive venom
thunder cracks the atrophied sky--the sky!! My Jesus Lord
Christ Almighty, must I keep mentioning the sky!? .
thunder cracks the sky and toads leap for joy when the
first foul droplets begin to fall. . .

Oh, Moloch, have mercy on me, on me in my long distress!

An avalanche of transgressions, stinking hard and jag-
ged hot, destroys the puny village which is my soul and the
bewildered hapless natives who are the paltry insignificant
good deeds I have stored up over the centuries, over the

austere meditative eons. . . a vesicant mist over calm lime
waters reflecting peeling dolor vinyl wallpaper tearing off
great slices, great hunks and shards I'm killing time
I'm killing time

take me from this fools' centre stage crammed with morons and
imbeciles and idiots--nothing but idol-worshipping slobs. . .
flashing their gold crucifixes and rings. . . smiling ersatz
gold-toothed smiles. . . praying and crying. . . genuflecting
like absurd marionettes--

Give me sin!

Let me rob coffins and chow down on the grinning cad-
avers, their visages wasted away by contaminated conscious-
ness revoked stolen repossessed swiped, I dont know, then
sold back by a sneering jackal-of-a-man with greasy purple
eyelids--

No escape. No escape! I'll do my worst! I'll not be
a hypocrite, no! I'll wallow in my pestilence, revel in my
turpitude, relish the evil, each ambulatory moment. . .
the vileness. . . the diamond-hard blackness

Oh, Moloch, have mercy on me. Have mercy on my long distress.

diamond-hard blackness of incurable aeonian dis ease has me
in bondage. . . I'm terminal yet eternal. . . moribund. . .
maybe even dead already,--but fit-as-a-fiddle, yes, a walk-
ing stuff, but no apositia here, no: I'm starving, famished
. . . for a little snack. . . , a tasty lil somethin to tear
into grit down on. . . stuff my putrescent guts with the
foulest offal I can find--glug down a pint of piss, a
litre of pus--indulge in dizzying rainbowed abominations
unspeakable unthinkable atrocious helpings of heaving
writhing cringing imploded sacrilege. . .

Oh, Moloch. . . have mercy, have mercy on me. I beg. . .

My home is burnt. My brain is damp and maggot-ridden.
 The sun broke down long ago and now sits in the galaxy cold and useless. A burned-out lightbulb.
 The vegetation has died. So long ago.
 The animals are all dead. I. . . --no, forget it.
 Wind does not blow. Neither rain nor snow falls.
 Quietness reigns. A quietness that is sinister and mournful.

There is no one to play with. The rocks and stones have grown bored with me and I with them. There is only so much wreckage and rubble one can explore.

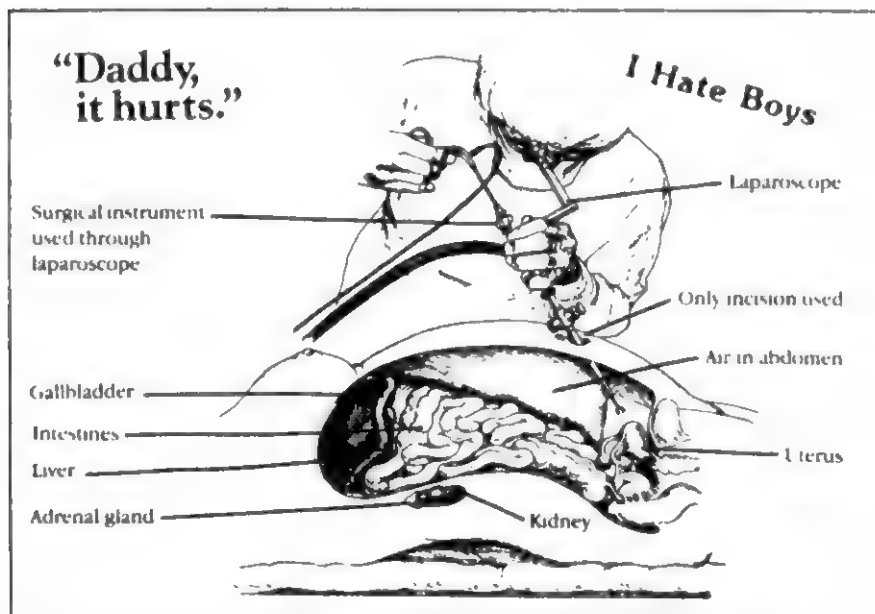
I can invent no longer. No more make-believe comrades. No pursuers. No victims. An achromatic scentless world.

It is forever night. Dark and still, still and dark.

It is forever night.

Night, still and dark, for all eternity it is and shall be my only companion. . . , my lover. . .

The End



One-incision laparoscopy for exploration. Vision, light and instrument are all accommodated through the laparoscope, so only one incision is necessary.

THE PERFECT CRIME

Thursday, 1-10-91

Hi Jennine, sweet little baby girl, lend me your ear and I'll tell you about the events that have taken place over the last few months here in prison. I'm proud of myself, but your daddy ain't a good dude at all.

August 3, 1990 I got taken off the honor block because this one snitch mutherfucker was ratting on me for inciting him and other inmates to fight. That would be fine on any other block, but they don't play that shit on the honor block.

They moved me back to the simi honor block, and shit was I hot. Everyone in the jail knew that I was snitched on and I just kept saying: "That's ok, he'll get his." That's all I said, but even that may have been too much because here I sit in the hole under Investigation in administrative custody.

It took me three months of perfect conduct for my residence on the honor block to be reinstated. Three months of plotting, scheming, and planning, I was gonna get mine.

I worked with a dude out in the metal shop who's doing a life bit for two counts of murder. After months of working with the guy, me and him became "alright." Everyone called this dude "Rambo" because he was in Vietnam with the Air America search and destroy squad. Since Nam he's been working as a contract killer earning hundreds of thousands. He told me of a sure fire way to take this guy out and not get busted. The first thing he said to do is GET CLOSE TO YOUR VICTIM.

The first few weeks after being moved back to the honor block, I dedicated myself to making friends with the punk. I apologized for picking on him. Ya shit, we were buddies now, eating chow together, playing cards and doing other things together on the block. My homies questioned my change of heart, but I wasn't letting anyone know what was up, this was to be "The perfect crime."

Two months pryor I had purchased a thermometer through a dude through some other dude from a prisoner who worked in the medical department, everything was going as planned.

While pacing the quarter mile block for exercise or rather for nothing better to do, I pulled a snickers bar out of my shirt pocket and offered him half. It wasn't at all obvious, but the candy wrapper had been opened and then resealed.

The night before this, I think it was December 7th, I was sitting on my top bunk out of view from my cellie, doctoring the candy bar up. I had very carefully opened the package not to tear it or anything, poked a hole in the snickers about an inch and a half deep with the Ink cartridge out of a pen. I then almost silently and very carefully broke the thermometer, drained the mercury onto my coffee teaspoon and then manipulated it into the hole I poked. Carefully and delicately I massaged the hole shut. The doctoring job looked so well that unless you had a revelation from God, you couldn't tell that the candybar had been tampered with. I put the poison end in the wrapper so the tampered end would be with the untampered wrapper end. The good candybar end faced up so it would be at the wrapper half that I resealed with toothpaste.

After pulling the candybar out of my pocket, I re-opened the end that had been resealed with toothpaste. Broke half off, or less than half to seem generous, then handed my walking partner the rest. I ate mine very quickly and I could feel my stomach getting sick. As I watched him eat the last bite of his half I got very lightheaded and almost passed out. A short thirty seconds later I regained composure and excused myself to go lie down. I knew that he was going to die and until he did, I was half sick and very nervous. He never complained to anyone that I know of about being sick, but on Christmas day 1990 his cell mate found him dead on his own top bunk.

On December 27, just two days later, I got locked up for being a suspect in his death. The planning and execution were flawless, I left no tracts to be sniffed out by the bloodhounds. Even though, up until yesterday 1-9-91, I was a little scared. I'll come back to this.

The hole here consists of administrative custody,

protective custody, and disciplinary confinement. Since I'm A-C, they could only cell me up with someone else who's A-C, I guess its a law. They put me in with a dude who's a certified nut from the looney bin. This mutherfucker for real thought that he was Albert Einstein. He would get psychotropic drugs four times a day and that throwed off goof would save the shit every chance he could.

Fnday 1-4 he had like seven or eight doses saved up and he took em all at once. Saturday morning when the nurse came around to give him another dose, we couldn't get him out of bed. The nurse came around again at noon, It took a hell of alot, but I woke him up. He lifted his head off the pillow which was all fucken wet from slobber drouling out of his mouth a quart a minute. He finally picked himself out of bed then staggered around the cell aimlessly, the nurse said "He don't need none of this stuff" then walked away. An hour later the psyche doctor came around to talk to him, but my cellie cussed him out. After he came down off the drugs, he didn't remember anything, the nurse or the doctor. As it turned out, the doctor cut his medication off because It was strongly suspected he was abusing It.

Talk about Dr. Jeckell and Mr. Hyde, that mutherfucker became "unlivewithable" (my word). Early Wednesday morning, it must have been one A.M., this dude jumped in my face for virtually no reason at all. With an extremely angry look on his face and a very loud threatening tone of voice, this mutherfucker threatened me. Knowing how much of a nut this guy is and not taking his medication for three days, I knew that he was capable of almost anything. Without giving it a second thought, more of a reflex action, my left fist struck underneath his chin with a rifle hard blow. Like bam, bam, my right fist struck his cheek bone, there wasn't even a split second time lapse between the two blows, and that mutherfucker dropped. He didn't fall to the left or to the right, frontwards or backwards, that nut dropped straight down as if his legs had turned to jelly. I didn't want the guard to walk by the cell and see this nut passed out on the floor, so I attempted to put him on his bottom bunk. I picked him up under his arms and tossed his chest onto the bed. so here he was, from the hips up he was in bed and his legs and feet

were still on the floor. At that second I got me an idea.

From the three meals throughout the day I would save a total of fifteen pieces of bread and a cup of butter. At night I would burn toilet paper doughnuts to make toast, I'd usually get hungry sometime during the night.

I ain't no fag Jennine, ain't never fucked with a man in my entire life. Here in prison sometimes you have to improvise, and opportunity was knocking, I was gonna get me a shot of shitty pussy. I ain't no fag and there ain't no way that I could get my shit hard by looking at another man's ass. So I dipped into my cup of butter and pulled out a sufficient amount. Got my shit hard and fucked that nut son-of-a-bitch. Got my nut, cleaned up, and laid awake the rest of the night. He woke up in plenty of time for breakfast and sat on the toilet a good half an hour. He didn't say a word at all the entire morning, but I know for a fact that his jaw and ass were hurting like a motherfuck.

Later that day about one oclock p.m. the "Program Review committee" wanted to talk with me, I got real scared because this is when they were going to inform me of any evidence compiled against me. I was sitting in front of the PRC like a peasant in front of a king. Excellent news! They told me that as of yet no evidence has been uncovered, but they are keeping me locked up until 1-25-91 when the Investigation will be wrapped up. They'll let me know then if I'm gonna be charged or not. If I am charged, I could spend the rest of my life here in prison. if I'm not charged, I'll go back into population and be looked at as a kingpin, or they could just transfer me outta here.

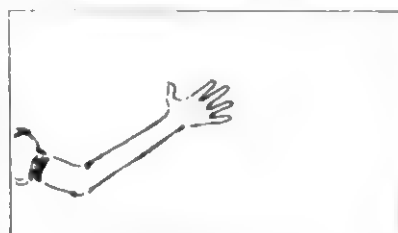
Anyways, PRC gave me good news, they said: "We've arranged for you to be placed in a single cell." they said everything they could within the boundenes of the law short of downright accusing me of first degree murder. Its very hard to get a single cell. In this joint, the only ones with em are death row dudes and dudes who are throwed off to the point of no return, plus a few exceptions - I'm an exception.

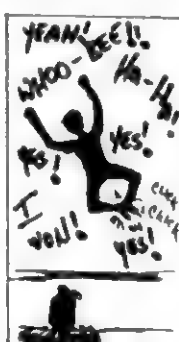
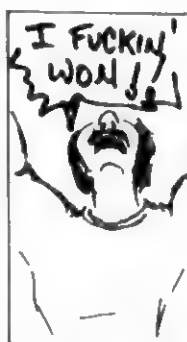
So Jeannine, here I sit in a single cell in the hole, my destiny for the rest of my life will be determined in two short weeks. I'm very confident though, like I said: THE PERFECT CRIME!!!

Paul D. Miller



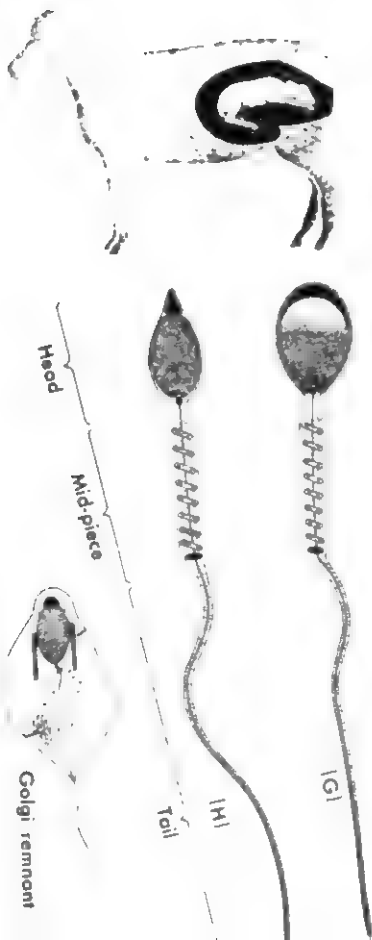
Fig. 154 Preterm infant with narrow elongated head





FIN

R. ROOTES



Religious Rebellion

XENODYNE

Shit on a Crucifix in public



Write in hotel bibles!



Go to church and VOMIT!



Go door to door preaching gospel, act like a lunatic.



"And God did speak saying sucketh my dick foul temptress."

Make sure all Jehovah witnesses leave your doorstep crying.

"Oh God forgive him!"
S.O.B.



Make obscene bumper stickers, put them on cars in church parking lots.

Satan's the answer

I fucked the Virgin Mary

Honk if you Fuck Jesus!

Bible Bullshit!

God sucks & so do YOU!

Become brain dead for Jesus

Jesus, just say NO!

While you're in Church I'm fuckin' your dog.

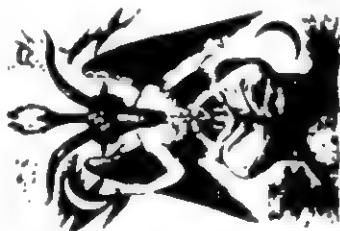
✂ My Lord and master Satan, ✂

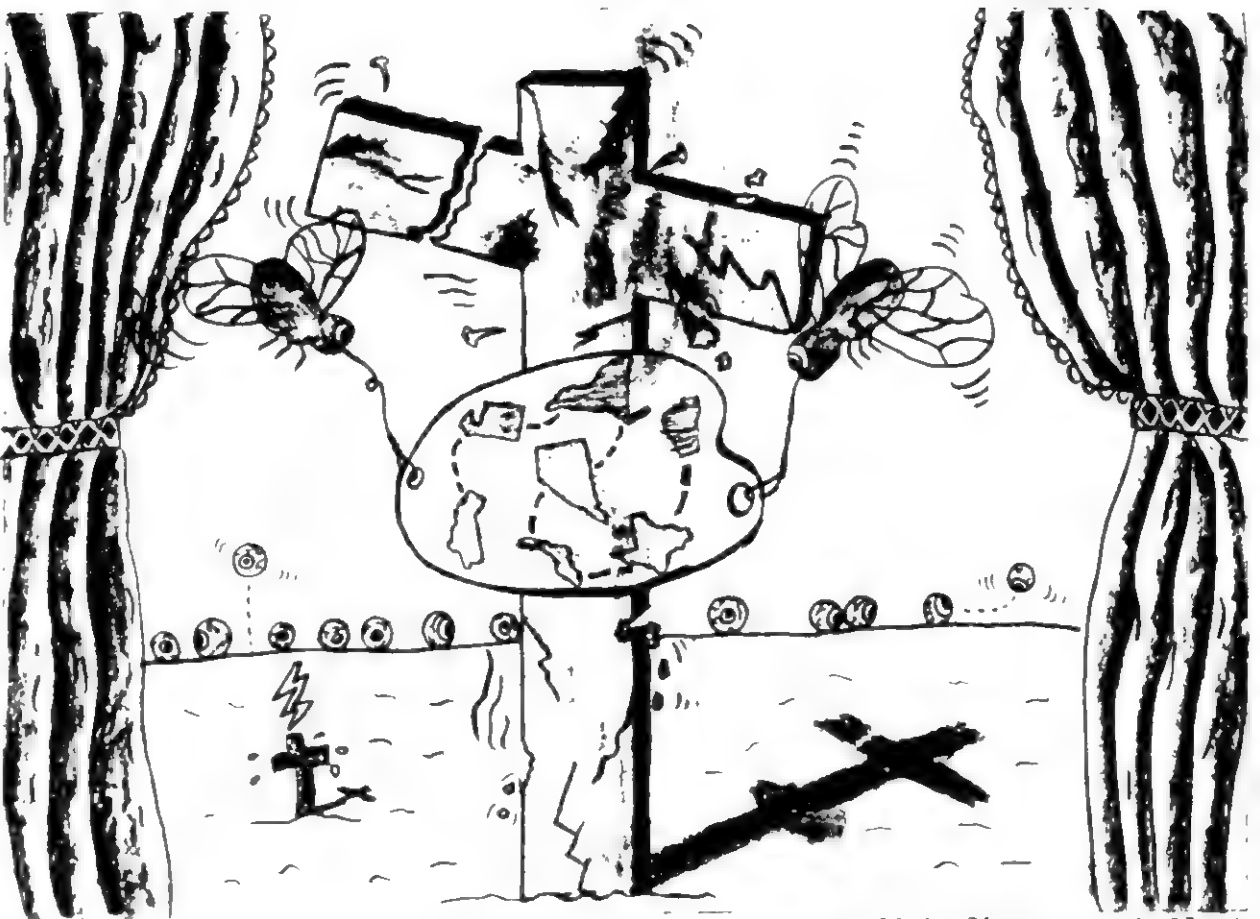
I acknowledge you as my God and Prince and promise to serve and obey you while I live. And I renounce the other god and Jesus Christ, the saints and the Church and its sacraments, and I promise to do whatever evil I can and I renounce all the merits of Jesus Christ, and if I fail to serve and adore you, paying homage to you daily, I give you my life as your own. This pact was made the ____th day of ____, 19 __, signed

clandestine pleasures

I tied her hands together on the bed-rail while her legs became a split-V on the lower stead. I tried to imagine what this would be like, but the real-thing overcame me and I found that the clandestine pleasure of this moment out-weighed any fantasy I had drawn. Her eyes would not break contact with my being, she licked her lips and whispered, so softly that only the essence of her desire was heard. "I dare you!" I found myself in a pornographic movie with my body floating toward the siren anchored to my altar. My body suddenly was face down on that bed, wallowing in the pleasures presented by flesh, soft and warm and helpless, that strained to meet me in mid-air. My hands touched a soft softness of inner thigh and the sweetness of woman-offering; a gentle caress but with the quiet sting of a wasp, I slapped that delicate skin until I drew blood. And then I suckingly feasted on the pain. The hard, fresh welts on flesh brought my fingers groping into the new wetness while my mouth found my love's tongue and I took possession of it. I was happy with the heavy taste of this female, a taste that was iron and honey all in one. I warmed to my biting and found new points to explore. She only moaned in her reality of knowing that she was now my toy. A plaything to immerse myself in whenever the mood overtook me. I take extreme pride in viewing the glory of my marks on her. And I carry the picture of her in my bed with me wherever I go to remind me that she awaits me on that bed as my clandestine pleasures should dictate,

KENNETH M. STONE
BOX 392
PORTLANDVILLE, NY 13834





I SEE A CRACK IN YOUR CROSS

Dehider



Weights only 3 lbs (1.39 kg); only 3 moving head parts cuts maintenance costs, reversible blades assure double blade life, perfectly balanced

Beef Carcass Splitter

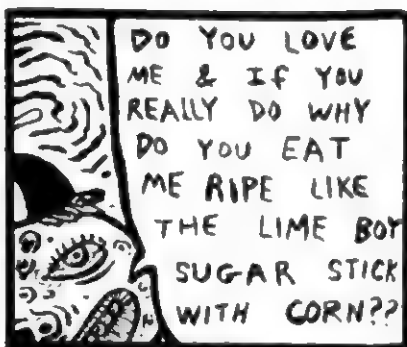


Rear handle control, full cleaver style sawing action & (101.6 mm) stroke full 3HP (2.27 kw) waterproof motor handles 145 beef per hr

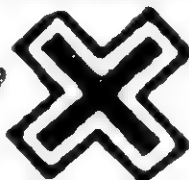
Carcass Splitter



Suited for splitting beef & pork hams, 25 carcasses per hour waterproof 2HP (1.49 kw) motor 1 or 3 phases



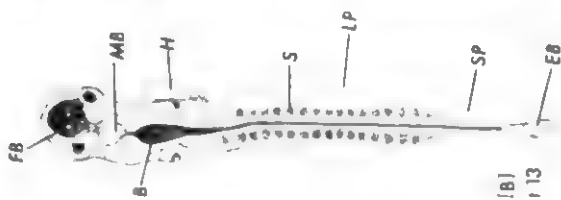
*chlamydia
infection?*





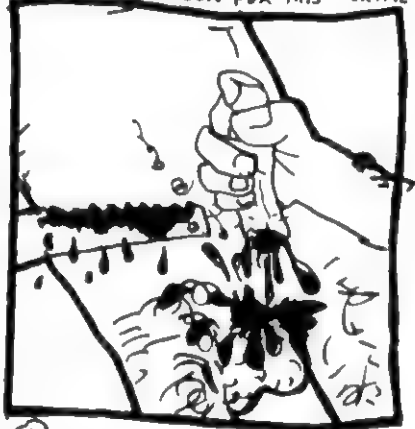
S. Cerio

Excessive Douching: Douching more than twice a week or using a commercial douche preparation containing strong chemical irritants can upset the healthy acid mantle of the vagina and lower your natural defense against infection.



REVENGE FANTASY NO. 1

GOING TO PRISON FOR THIS "CRIME" AND BEING GANG-RAPED ISNT MY IDEA OF "JUSTICE"



①



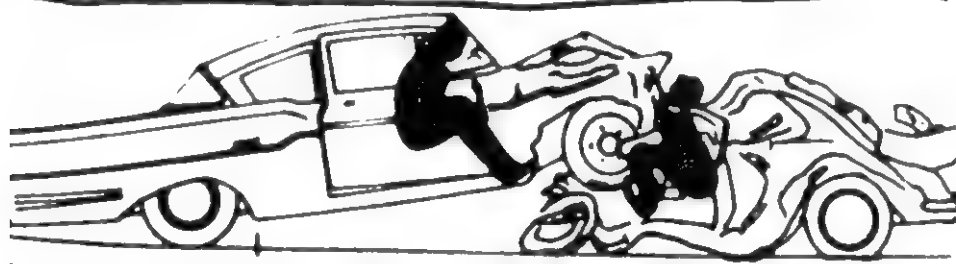
②

THE ONLY REASON I DONT CARRY OUT THIS PLAN IS THAT OUR MORALLY BANKRUPT SOCIETY DOESNT RECOGNIZE THE BASIC INALIENABLE RIGHT TO VENGEANCE.



6 June 1990 Sy Kotic

HAPPY FATHER'S DAY, YOU INCESTUOUS PIG-FUCKING BASTARD!!



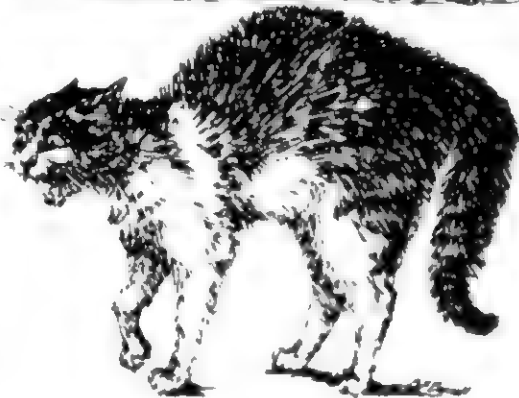


ADAPTATIONS FOR THE INFANT AND CHILD





Keep a full set on a table
in the living room for your
youngsters friends



HOW TO BE A SUCCESSFUL SERIAL KILLER

BY A PSYCHOPATH WHO WISHES TO REMAIN ANONYMOUS.

I GUESS I COULD SUMMARIZE THESE 12 FACTORS AS BASIC RULES OF THE ART. NOT CONCLUSIVE RULES. TOO MANY FACTORS PROVIDE ENDLESS VARIETY OF POSSIBLE WAYS TO FUCK UP AN OTHERWISE PERFECT ACT.

THEY BE; (NOT IN ANY PARTICULAR ORDER)

- #1: NO PARTNERS. NO ONE CAN BE TRUSTED ENOUGH WITH SOMETHING LIKE THIS.
- #2: NO WITNESSES. IF CIRCUMSTANCES MANDATE YOU BE SEEN, OR COULD BE SEEN, WEAR A MASK. IF YOUR CAR CAN BE SEEN, USE A STOLEN ONE.
- #3: DON'T KEEP ANY OF THE VICTIMS POSSESSIONS. EXCEPT COLD CASH. NOT EVEN JEWELRY, NOTHING.
- #4: DON'T LEAVE ANY OF YOUR POSSESSIONS AT THE SCENE. DON'T SPIT. DON'T LEAVE CIGARETTE BUTTS, NOTHING. DON'T EVEN LET ANY OF YOUR HAIR FALL OUT.
- #5: WEAR GLOVES, OR SOMETHING TO PREVENT FINGERPRINTS. PUT MODEL GLUE OR CLEAR NAIL POLISH ON YOUR FINGERS TO PREVENT PRINTS.
- #6: IF YOU GET BLOOD ON YA, DON'T LET ANYONE SEE YA BLOODY. NO ONE CAN BE TRUSTED. DON'T LEAVE BLOOD ON YOUR CAR, HOUSE, OR CLOTHES. BLOODY SHOES IS MOST COMMON.
- #7: DON'T LET ANYONE KNOW YOU'RE MAD AT THE TARGET.
- #8: IF YOU HAVE MARKS OR SCRATCHES FROM THE STRUGGLE, HAVE A GOOD EXPLANATION, AND BE READY TO PROVE IT. IF YOU PLAN TO SAY YOU GOT IN A FIGHT OUTSIDE A BAR, GO THERE FIRST AND LEAVE SOME BLOOD AS PROOF.
- #9: DON'T EVER TELL ANYONE WHAT YOU DID. NO ONE CAN BE TRUSTED.
- #10: DON'T EVER KEEP THE MURDER WEAPON.
- #11: DON'T EVER CONFESS, UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES. AS THE CIA PEOPLE TELL THEIR AGENTS: "ADMIT NOTHING, DENY EVERYTHING, MAKE COUNTER-ACCUSATIONS."
- #12: DON'T MAKE STUPID MISTAKES. ABORT IF NECESSARY. A BETTER OPPORTUNITY WILL ALWAYS ARISE.

THESE 12 RULES SHOULD COVER THE BASICS. THEY SHOULD BE COMMON SENSE TO ANY WOULD-BE KILLER, BUT IT DON'T LOOK LIKE MANY HAVE COMMON SENSE AT ALL. ZODIAC WAS GREAT. GREEN RIVER IS GREAT. BUNDBY'S FIRST 30 OR 40 WERE GREAT.

IF YOU CONCERNED ABOUT BALLISTICS, FILE THE TIP OF YOUR BULLETS FLAT, THEN, WITH EITHER AN EXACTO-KNIFE OR FINE-TOOTHED HACKSAW, DEEPLY CUT AN (X) ON THE BULLET, ALMOST DOWN TO THE SMELL. THEY EXPLODE UPON IMPACT & CANNOT BE TRACED TO ANY GUN. THE SEMI-WAD CUTTER BULLET IS A GOOD IDEA TOO. SINCE THERE'S NO TRACABLE BALLISTICS ON THEM, YA DON'T GOTTA TOSS THE GUN EVERY TIME YA USE IT & IF THEY CATCH YA WITH IT, THEY COULD NEVER CONNECT IT WITH THE BULLETS, ESPECIALLY IF IT'S A .38 OR .357, THEY CAN'T TELL 'EM APART. OBVIOUSLY DON'T CARRY THOSE TYPE BULLETS IF YER NOT STALKING PREY.

A LOT DEPENDS ON WHAT ONE IS DOING. IF IT'S ANONYMOUS SERIAL KILLING JUST FOR THE FUN OF IT, IT'S BEST TO USE DIFFERENT WEAPONS & STYLES OF KILLING EACH TIME. COPS WON'T CONNECT THEM TOGETHER THEN. BUT IF IT'S TO SHOW SOMETHING, OR TORMENT COPS, LIKE THE REAL ZODIAC, THEN YOU'D WANT THE COPS TO MAKE SOME CONNECTION. LIKE IF A SERIAL KILLER IS SEEKING COPS, YOU COULD SHOVE HIS BADGE UP HIS ASS OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT. SHIT, WOMEN & KIDS ARE EASY, WHY NOT TRY SOMETHING REALLY CHALLENGING THAT WOULD NOT ONLY HORRIFY THE PUBLIC, BUT WOULD TERRIFY THE PUBLIC?

THE BIG PROBLEM WITH SERIAL KILLERS IS THAT, AFTER SO MANY VICTIMS, THEY START TO GET CARELESS & TAKE THINGS FOR GRANTED. LOOK AT TED BUNDBY, HIS LAST FEW KILLINGS WERE REALLY SLOPPY, LEAVING TOO MUCH EVIDENCE. YOU KNOW WHO I REALLY ADMIRE? THE ORIGINAL ZODIAC, HE WAS THE BEST. NEVER GOT CAUGHT, CAREFULLY TORMENTED THE HELL OUTTA THE COPS. "ZODIAC 43, POLICE 0", CLASSY. HEY MAN, WHY END UP DEAD OR IN JAIL FOR A MASS-MURDER? BE A SERIAL KILLER & DON'T GET CAUGHT! I REALIZE THE EXCITEMENT YOU'D FIND IN ONE BIG MASSACRE, BUT IS IT WORTH YOUR LIFE? YOU CAN TALLY-UP LIKE THE REAL ZODIAC OR GREEN = RIVER DUDE & STILL BE FREE & ABLE TO ENJOY MORE OF LIFE. OR ENJOY MORE KILLING WHENEVER YOU FEEL LIKE IT. LOOK HOW MANY BUNDBY GOT BEFORE THEY EVEN SUSPECTED HIM.

↳ The above from "Sittin' on a powder keg & Givin' off sparks" 'zine. Thanx Full Force!

The cherubim stated flatly that she was not at all interested in my soul, so I continued to fuck her in the ass. I would've continued anyway, but this statement put the savage back in me and I tore into that puckered exit with rape and revenge in mind. "Oh God! Oh God Oh God oh godgodgodgodDAMN!" She screamed with her neck arched back and her face to the heavens. If this was her intention, to prod me on to a more lusty format of lovemaking, then she got her wish fulfilled in an instant.

It was not that I was overly concerned with my soul, that is, whether or not I even had one, or what shape it was in, or how I could repair the thing, it was the tone of her voice, the way she said what was said, the snobbery only an Angel can muster.

So the only thing for me to do then was come before I thought about all this long enough to spoil the moment. But call it divine intervention, or dumb luck, since that counts, too, I couldn't make it, not right then anyway, and I could quickly see I was in this for the duration. So I thought it over: why the Hell had God sent me this sodomite?

Sure, I'd been praying for some pussy, but this was ridiculous. I mean, there I am in bed, waking up at two o'clock in the afternoon with my usual killer hangover, and a piss-hard on you could drive a ten-penny nail with-and I mutter a few words of prayer, y'know, the same old thing: "Dear Lord, don't kill me with this hangover. I promise to only drink beer tonight, promise. Let me get out of bed and get my ass to work on time. Oh, and Lord, if you could, send me some nice tight pussy." I opened my eyes and there with her back to me, riding my steely rod, is this fat assed baby girl Angel.

"I'm not here to save your soul" she sang, "I just want to squeeze your jelly roll."

On and on I pumped that plump baby butt. We went on like that for an eternity, until we both approached Godhead. In a blind lightening flash suddenly, there He was in all splendor and beauty. The Angel dissappeared and a white Kleenex took her place. As I wiped off, I heard His voice: "Hurry up Asshole, you're late for work". And I was.

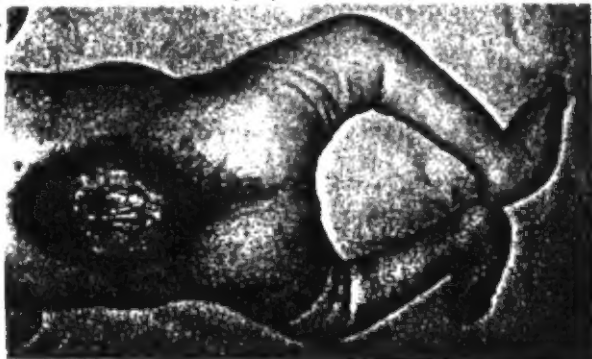


Fig. 77 Typical lumbo-sacral meningocele.

MUMBLES
P. O. Box 8312
Wichita, KS 67208

Avoid any sexual contact during your active breakout. You should

have your male partner for at least 3 weeks *after* your blisters have cleared because they may still be shedding

Pap smear to detect any early changes that suggest cancer of either your cervix or your vulva.



viruses for this long. Acyclovir medications now available in



RACEIN'
WITH DA
DEVILS
FOOD!

INRI